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LITERATURE.

Oliver Cromwell: the Man and his Mission.
By J. Allanson Picton. (Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.)

WE do not remember how many Lives have been written of Oliver Cromwell. Their number, if they were catalogued, would astonish almost all persons except bibliographers. Many of them are quite worthless, and nearly the whole of the remainder are only valuable as storehouses of facts. Whatever be the view taken of the great Protector, all who have studied his career and its surroundings must admit that until Carlyle arranged his letters and speeches in order there was no adequate means of learning what manner of man he was. The theory that he was a mere vulgar ruffian with a capacity for winning battles, who assumed an exaggerated form of the popular religion as a means of imposing on mankind, can never have been widely received. It was believed, or pretended to be believed, in the unhappy days which followed the restoration of the Divine-right monarchy; but the delusion was too palpable and gross to be accepted in better times. In the eighteenth century opinions on the nature and foundations of civil government were popular which, if not scientifically correct, were in no violent antagonism with the facts that experience teaches; but it was an age with little power of looking outside itself. The faculty of conceiving of past history as anything beyond a dry chronicle was rare, and the vast superiority of the present over all other times was so well assured that a sympathetic treatment of those who had helped to make England what she then had become was almost unknown. The times but a little preceding our own are commonly held to be uninteresting. To our great-grandfathers the story of the Civil War was not old, but only old-fashioned—so near as to be well within the reach of oral tradition, yet just so far removed as to be repulsive from its quaint ways and unrefined manner of expressing itself. A steady, somewhat stolid, movement in Church and State was the idea of the men who found something to admire in the early Georges. To them, enthusiasm was not so much repulsive as incomprehensible. The treatment that Wesley and his comrades received arose, we can now see, quite as much from ignorance as from those lower motives to which it has been frequently attributed. We do no injustice to our forefathers of that era by asserting that vice, if it were but moderately decorous, was less hateful to them than the bad taste of

fiery zeal, even when accompanied by the most spotless purity in thought and action. Such men could never understand the great Puritan revolution and its leading spirit. Something, however, they did. The calumnies of the Restoration were in a great measure discarded in their grosser forms. Men ceased to credit the brazen assertion that the greatest soldier and the greatest ruler these islands have ever known was a mere monster of villany. But it was incredible to them that he could have been honest. His religious professions, made in season and out of season, in words so injudiciously different from those with which the Tillotsons, the Stanhopes, and the Smallridges were wont to soothe them, were clear evidence thus far; so the theory grew up that the Protector was in some sort a patriot—a man who at the beginning of his career had thought only of his country's good, but who, as time went on and opportunities presented themselves, gradually thought less and less of England and more and more of himself. His religious outpourings were to them mainly imposture; but such a cloak did not seem so shocking in the days of Sir Robert Walpole as it would do now. That statesman's contemporaries preferred to regard it rather as very bad taste. The whirlwind of the French Revolution caused movement in every department of thought. History, which had before been a series of annals, became now not only something which should be entered into, but also an exhaustless stimulant to the imagination. At home and abroad the great career of the Puritan captain attracted renewed attention. The Civil War, which for a time swept away the monarchy, was a hard thing to understand, but many of the best intellects of the time gave thought thereto which has indirectly been most fruitful. Sir Walter Scott had perhaps the strongest imaginative sympathy with the past of any man who ever lived, but his wide reading had been for the sake of storing his mind with pictures, not for ascertaining facts. Yet his imagination led him farther in the direction of truth than painstaking industry had conducted his contemporaries. His Oliver as he appears in *Woodstock* is a caricature, and a most unkindly one; but the man is there, not indeed acting as he did in real life, but presented as a fantastic parody. Still the parody is, in a certain grim way, a picture of the original. You see that the writer has been awed by the hero's vastness, and that, whatever he may think good to say, he feels that the imposture theory will not account for the facts. Scott had known Cameronians and others whose language was as Biblical as Oliver's. He had read the outpourings of Scottish martyrs before whose bold applications of Holy Scripture Oliver's use of Oriental imagery seems timid. He had therefore at hand means of forming an estimate of the Protector's character denied to his contemporaries, whose associations, personal and literary, had been of a narrower order. Carlyle, by ancestry and association, was a Puritan himself, though one who had broken loose from the definitions of his national theology. To him we owe the first true portrait of the Hero and Saint of English Puritanism. Carlyle's work has long passed beyond criticism. We may, however,

perhaps be permitted to say that the more lovable side of Oliver's character was not so fully brought out in those remarkable volumes as it might have been.

Next to Carlyle as an interpreter of Oliver Cromwell we must place the author of the remarkable volume before us. He tells the world honestly that he "makes no pretension to original research," that he has mainly depended on Carlyle and more recent investigators for his facts. We wish it had been otherwise, for there are some obscure periods in Oliver's career, notably that between Naseby and the execution of the King, which might be made brighter by anyone who, with the knowledge Mr. Picton has, would devote himself to the subject. To those who have mastered the lesson Oliver's letters teach, there cannot be much hesitation in forming an opinion. Two lines of rational thought, and two only, seem possible. We may maintain that Oliver was a religious enthusiast with genius, but with no clear sense of the difference between right and wrong, truth and falsehood; or we may maintain that his moral character was at least as high as his intellectual. Mr. Picton has, within the limitations he has stated, studied the Protector's character with minute care; hardly a recorded word that fell from his lips or a single letter that has come down to us has been passed over without giving some little touch to the narrative. We imagine, indeed, from slight differences of style and varieties in word selection, that his book has been written slowly, and that many of the details which careless people consider trivial have received long consideration.

Mr. Picton is not so ignorant of human nature as to represent his hero as faultless; at the same time, he knows far too much of his life and surroundings not to feel that he was throughout a thoroughly honest human soul, striving after the right, but sorely hampered, not only by the turmoil of outward forces, but by struggles within. Of his sincerity Mr. Picton says

"there can be no doubt; he had not a simple nature. Whether the cause lay in his education or in irremediable personal defect, certain it is that his vast energies and the perspectives of his brooding thought were never so entirely subordinated to one clear purpose as to be clarified into transparency. In this respect he was very far from the type of apostle or martyr. At each successive demand for exertion, he was indeed equal to the occasion. Every faculty of his mind, every emotion of his heart, nay, every fibre of his body, flashed into that white heat of energy which united watchfulness, swiftness, power, in one supreme function of his complex greatness. But, when the occasion had passed by, he never had any far-reaching policy, except to be ready for the next call upon him. . . . For much the same reason there was a great want of simplicity in his religious experience. The simplicity consisting of lack of variety he could not have, because his great brain was too busy for that. The simplicity consisting in unified variety he could not get, because no unifying idea commanding enough for the complexity of his thoughts ever possessed him."

Such writing as this deserves, and will command, attention. Mr. Picton is clearly no theorist determined to press his hero into some narrow mould of his own making, but

a careful searcher, who has weighed every fragment of evidence that has come before him. As to Cromwell's religious experiences, they must have been dependent, not for their force, but for their direction, on his surroundings—on the mental atmosphere he lived in, the sermons he heard and the books he read. As far as we remember, there is no evidence of his ever having read any books on theology except the Holy Scriptures. We may be sure, however, that, during the long years before the bustle of the political world came upon him, he had stored his mind with such Puritan divinity as was then popular. A soul so intense could not have been satisfied by the cares of farming and the duties of a Commissioner of Sewers. We know not how Mr. Picton interprets the religious side of his life. To us it does not seem to have been uniform from first to last. In the beginning we gather that he was a Puritan simply—a docile follower of the "godly" party who were bent on a reform of the English Church according to the Geneva platform. His touching letter to Mrs. Saint John seems evidence of this. It deals with those terrible inward struggles to have passed through which, and to have come out from the conflict having obtained peace, is the highest happiness that can fall to the lot of man. "I dare not say He hideth His face from me" shows that Oliver thought the victory was won. How far it was so no one, not even himself, could have told us. The terrible mental struggle seems to have gone on to the last, sometimes reaching to intense agony. It never hindered his work; but that work modified, it would seem, the opinions which influenced his inner life. Oliver could have had in his early farming days no theories about religious toleration. We cannot but believe—though there is no express testimony one way or the other—that during the Huntingdon or Ely days he would have been willing, if not anxious, that persons who held perverse opinions on matters of theology should become the victims of the civil power. As time passed away wider views occupied his soul. He came to know that "public services for which a man is born" could not be neglected, or put off on others, except at the extremest spiritual peril; and he found plain honest men doing these services with their whole hearts who by no means came up to the minimum of the recognised standard of orthodoxy. Thus, whatever his private opinions might remain, he felt it to be no part of his duty when he became a power in the land to enforce outward uniformity. Nay, further, we see that he held that the gifts of the Spirit were different in different souls, and that a man might be in the grace of God who did not think after the pattern of Westminster. Did he himself remain to the last absolutely in harmony with Calvinistic orthodoxy? The evidence is so slight that it is a question on which it is rash to speculate. We apprehend that, while he never had a doubt as to the absolute certainty and completeness of the revelation as set forth in Holy Scripture, his interpretation of words and figures was slowly modified. The inward light became more and more supreme and questions of doctrine less important. Had it

not been so, we cannot conceive how he could have reconciled his very wide views of toleration with his strong sense of duty. All Protestants, save Episcopalians, had freedom; and the stories of his oppression of these seem to have little foundation. Stringent legislation against the Book of Common Prayer found its way into the Statute Book; but evidence has not come to light that the law was enforced during his rule with anything beyond the extremest laxity. The wicked Tudor and Stuart laws against Roman Catholic priests remained in force, but their action was in a great degree suspended. In Challoner's catalogue of Catholic sufferers we meet with the names of but two priests who were put to death between 1651 and the Restoration.

Mr. Picton's account of the Eastern Association and of Oliver's own personal following of soldiers is the best part of the book. We should be glad to quote many pages of it. He seems to be really the first modern who has shown how those wonderful troops were got together, and of what materials they were made. He states a simple truth when he says that

"they are unmatched in history; for the sanguinary Hebrew warfare, which they idealised as their model, had no such grand political purpose. And they must remain unrivalled for ever now; for the time has gone by when war could be carried on as an act of worship."

Richard Baxter tells us that Oliver's troops were largely composed of "freeholders or freeholders' sons," a statement which Mr. Picton thinks will seem "almost incredible to a generation which, in rural districts, knows of scarcely any freeholders except large land-owners." This passage shows that the author is more conversant with our Eastern shires as they were in the seventeenth century than as they are now. For one of the associated counties, and that the largest, though the last to join the confederacy, we can answer pretty confidently. We know that in a great part of Lincolnshire there are more freeholders now than there were when Charles I. was king. In the Isle of Axholme alone, a district having but five polling places, and hardly any industry except agriculture, the register of voters for the present year shows 1,282 freeholders. This, of course, does not include women, minors, and properties held in trust, nor a large body of copyholders who would be included in Baxter's statement.

We feel some hesitation in finding fault with the details of a book which has given us so much pleasure, and which is destined to exercise great influence, but we must protest against the idea that it was "morbid excitement" which made Oliver attach importance to a prophecy of a man who lay on his death-bed the day previous to the Battle of Preston. If any modern were to think twice about such a matter we should consider him a simpleton; but there was probably not one of Oliver's contemporaries who would not have been cheered or terrified by such an announcement. The whole literature of the time is full of portents. Laud was frightened at things which would not alarm children now, and John Vicers and the Puritan tract-writers are never weary of telling stories far more grotesque than the Preston incident. The

notion that the dying can see into the future, or, it may be, in some manner command the future, is very old. It exists still, and has influence over persons who enjoy far better means of separating folk-lore from fact than the best and wisest of the seventeenth century.

Mr. Picton has concentrated his attention so entirely on the subject of his biography that he has said little about the lesser men who stood around Oliver. This has been wise; but we should have been glad to have had his estimate of some of the notabilities of the time. The sketch given of Major-Gen. Thomas Harrison shows that if he had undertaken the task he would have done it efficiently. No man, not even the Protector himself, has been the object of more persistent slander than Harrison. It is with no little joy that we find justice at last rendered to the pure-minded Anabaptist leader who was so shamefully done to death when the Restoration had for a time obscured all that good men had worked and prayed for.

Mr. Picton's book naturally ends with the death of its hero. He does not give the details of the violation of the graves at Westminster, but it was necessary to mention the fact. With the few words he does say every true-hearted man will agree.

"There are murders told of in English history which thrill us with horror; deeds of cruelty and injustice which are a lasting pain to the historic conscience; but the most of them had some poor excuse of brutal necessity or frantic passion. Perhaps if we could rightly estimate what goes to constitute baseness, not one of those sanguinary deeds would so sicken us with moral disgust and shame for our common nature as the impotent, cowardly, and needless deed wrought on Cromwell's dead body."

EDWARD PEACOCK.

Pearls of the Faith: or, Islam's Rosary; being the Ninety-Nine Beautiful Names of Allah; with Comments in Verse from various Oriental Sources (as made by an Indian Mussulman). By E. Arnold. (Trübner.)

WHEN Mr. Edwin Arnold published his poetical version of the Buddha's life and teaching, it was evident to all that there was something much above mere translation or adaptation in it. *The Light of Asia* showed undoubted poetic power; it was full of imagination—sympathetic, graceful, and melodious. Many who would not have read a more learned book were attracted by this fine poem, and found Buddhism a fascinating study. The success of *The Light of Asia*, in its many editions, has tempted Mr. Edwin Arnold to try a somewhat similar experiment with Islam. *Pearls of the Faith* is not a poetic life of Mohammad, but a series of ninety-nine short poems upon the "Most Beautiful Names" of God. These names, gathered from the Korân, really amount to more than 550, as Mr. Redhouse has shown in a careful and accurate paper published in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*; but Mohammadans are in the habit of selecting ninety-nine of the more usual of them—not always the same ninety-nine—for the meritorious purpose of repetition at prayer; and, as each name is repeated, one of the ninety-nine beads of the Muslim's rosary is slipped. The "Most

Beautiful Names" are epithets, such as "the Most High," "the Forgiver," "the Compeller," "the Seer, Hearer, Exalter, Abaser," &c.; and Mr. Arnold makes each epithet the text, as it were, of a little sermon in verse. Sometimes it is a story taken from Sale's notes, or from the best-known traditions of the Prophet, illustrating the particular quality of the Deity specified in the title-epithet; but more often it is a paraphrase of one of the short chapters or a few verses of the longer chapters of the Korân. These little sermons run from four to over fifty verses, and each is begun and ended by a couplet forming an ejaculatory prayer. It would be difficult for the greatest of poets to make this aphoristic arrangement interesting; and it will be a severe disappointment to many who, like ourselves, were delighted with the plan of *The Light of Asia* to find its author binding himself to so unpromising a method. Still, the execution, we made sure, must be excellent within the limits thus laid down, and each aphorism would, we thought, be treated with metrical skill and finish, and here and there illumined by a flash of poetic insight, or a blaze of the glowing Eastern imagery Mr. Arnold has used so finely before. With unfeigned reluctance we must own frankly that there is neither finish nor originality in *Pearls of the Faith*. The verse is really so rough that it hardly possesses the metrical quality of doggerel. It is, indeed, merely one or other of the standard prose translations of the Korân cut up into short lines and forced into rhyme. For example, the following is, in fact, an almost literal version of the beginning of the eighty-first chapter of the Korân, with only just enough addition to bring in the rhymes:—

"When the sun is withered up,
And the stars from heaven roll;
When the mountains quake,
And ye let stray your she-camels, gone ten months
in foal;
When wild beasts flock
With the people and the cattle
In terror, in amazement,
And the seas boil and rattle;
And the dead souls
For their bodies seek;
And the child vilely slain
Is bid to speak,
Being asked, 'Who killed thee, little maid?
Toll us his name!'
While the books are unsealed,
And crimson flame
Flayeth the skin of the skies,
And Hell breaks ablaze
And Paradise
Opens her beautiful gates to the gaze;
Then shall each soul
Know the issues of the whole
And the balance of its scroll," &c.

None would venture to call this poetry. It is not even a good version of the chapter in question; the ordinary prose translations are infinitely preferable. In them the dignity at least of the original is maintained, while Mr. Arnold's rendering is a farcical parody. The following are from one of the stories which illustrate some of the Beautiful Names:—

"And when the hundred years were flown, God said,
'Awake, Ozair! how long hast tarried,
Thinkest thou, here?' Ozair replied, 'A day,
Perchance, or half.' The awful voice said, 'Nay,
But look upon thy camel.' Of that beast
Nought save white bones was left; no sign, the
least,
Of flesh, or hair, or hide," &c.

The story of Ozair is really a fine one, but it cannot be expected to impress people if it is told in this bald way. Mr. Arnold's version reads very much like prose divided at the eleventh syllable and printed with initial capitals.

Besides paraphrases of the Korân and didactic narratives, *Pearls of the Faith* includes some short moral poems of a very uniform type and unoriginal metre, and of these hymns one example must close our quotations: the epithet is *El-Latif*:

"Dread is His wrath, but boundless is His Grace,
Al-Latif! Lord! show us Thy 'favouring' face!

Most quick to pardon sins is He:

Who unto God draws near
One forward step, God taketh three
To meet, and quits his fear.

If ye will have of this world's show,
God grants, while Angels weep;

If ye for Paradise will sow,
Right noble crops ye reap.

Ah, Gracious One, we toil to reap:
The soil is hard, the way is steep!"

As a matter of fact the tradition saith that whoso seeketh to approach God one cubit, God will approach him two fathoms, and if one walketh towards God, He will run towards him; but the actual measurement is less important than the trite and commonplace character of the piece. As English poetry, it must reluctantly be confessed that *Pearls of the Faith* cannot take a place beside *The Light of Asia*. The extracts speak only too plainly for themselves, and it is not necessary to heap up examples of a style which, after so remarkable a predecessor, is inexplicable except on the ground (at which Mr. Arnold himself hints) of haste and insufficient leisure.

Perhaps, however, the book which cannot be allowed poetical merits deserves a welcome as an exposition of the main doctrines of Islâm. Unfortunately, even this claim to indulgence cannot be allowed. The Islâm represented is a mixture of Persian and Buddhist ideas, grouped indeed round orthodox Muslim dogmas, but throwing over them a mystical Sûfy atmosphere which destroys their rugged simplicity. The Korân as paraphrased by Mr. Arnold is not Mohammad's Korân, but the gloss of Jelal ed-dîn Er-Rûmî or some other mystic. The original speeches of Mohammad had no touch of mysticism, and the introduction of this element destroys the value of Mr. Arnold's commentary so far as the major part of Mohammadanism is concerned. There is an affectionate filial tone about the references to the Deity (who, by-the-by, is always called Allah, on a principle which ought to make us speak of the Christian God as Ho Theos) which is quite foreign to genuine Islâm; and, even if the book is taken merely as a collection of Sûfy aphorisms, it is incomplete and un-Eastern.

It is a pity, therefore, that Mr. Arnold should have endeavoured to invest his volume with the external marks of scholarship, and inserted so many quite unnecessary Arabic terms. He is not, we presume, himself an Arabic scholar, and whoever has revised his Oriental words has done his work very inaccurately. The only sentence printed in Arabic type (p. 222) consists of three words, and includes four mistakes or misprints and one decided grammatical error (a tenwin vowel after the article). The Most Beautiful

Names at the head of each poem are printed in Arabic, but are frequently deficient in vowels or orthographic points, and often do not correspond with the English transliteration. *El-Fâtih* in the Arabic becomes "*Al-Fattâ'h*" in the English, and the Arabic *El-'Alâ* is printed in the English as "*Al-'Hali*." In both of these instances the English word is correct, but is not the same "Beautiful Name" as the Arabic one. "*Al-Maumin*" should, of course, be "*Al-Mu'min*" in Arabic and English; "*Al-Mutakabbir*" lacks a sheddeh in the Arabic; "*Al-Muwakkhir*" should be "*Al-Mu'akkhir*;" "*Al-Muzil*," "*Al-Muzill*;" "*Ar-Rawûf*," "*Ar-Ra'ûf*," to adopt Mr. Arnold's system of transliteration, which not only includes aspiration of the 'eyn ("*Al-Hathim*," e.g., represents the sounds *El-'Azim*, and "*Al-Muhizz*" *El-Mo'izz*), but employs the same 'h for 'eyn and hâ, and even inserts it at the end of "*wuzû'h*" (sic!). If Mr. Arnold thinks it adds to the grace of poetry to indite such lines as these:—

Ya Aziz! Ya Muhaimin! Ya Mûmin! (sic)
O Mighty! O Protector! Faithful ever!

he should take more pains to write them accurately. Such nonsense as "*La Allah illa Allah*" (p. 193) and "*Ilahu! Allah-il-allah*" (146); such a blunder as "*Ya! Rabbi'lalaminâ*" (genitive, for accusative "*rabba*"); such words as "*Alai kul shay wakil*," "*Al-Akhâf*" (*Ahkâf*), and such plurals as "*Ifreet*" and "*Djins*," are eyesores; and if it is important to give the Arabic for "*Open!*" it is as well to give the imperative the proper initial vowel. The old mistakes of "*Âminah*" for *Âminah* (practically pronounced *Anna*), the mother of Mohammad, and "*Amru*" for *Amr*, or on Mr. Arnold's system (which he fortunately forgets on occasion) "*Hamr*, are repeated; and what the Blessed Prophet would have made of the word "*akcha*," a Turkish name for a silver coin, it is difficult to say, unless his prophetic power enabled him to foresee changes in the currency. Mr. Arnold is not only anxious to impress upon us that cups and goblets are called in Arabic "*akwâb*, *abareek*," but he eclectically uses the circumflex to denote long syllables; unfortunately, however, he seems to regard the mark as merely ornamental, and, having scrupulously indicated the pronunciation of "*Al-Kâbir*" (pron. *Kebeer*), "*the Great*," he arranges the line so that the word can only be accented *Al-Kâbbir*; and so with most of the Arabic words quoted, hardly one out of ten of which can be properly pronounced without throwing out the metre. A very slight study of the Arabic grammar would have removed some of these errors; but the introduction of so many outlandish-looking words is in any case to be deprecated, as more likely to give colour to a charge of pedantry than to add anything of value to a popular book.

Popular, however, *Pearls of the Faith* can never be; but, what is much more important, this new work is a distinct retrogression from Mr. Edwin Arnold's previous steps. He can write poetry of a high order if he chooses, and we refuse to accept the present volume as at all representative of his genius. The initial couplet of the eighty-fourth "*Pearl*" runs

"O Lord of awfulness and honour! we
Lack wit and words in fitly naming Thee,"

and the sentiment perfectly expresses the general weakness of the book. But Mr. Arnold has lacked neither wit nor well-ordered words in other times, and we believe the temporary failure will be redeemed by work worthier of himself and of the great subject he has treated with such scant respect.

STANLEY LANE-POOLE.

American Literature: an Historical Sketch, 1620-1880. By John Nichol. (Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.)

A HISTORY of American literature ample, exact, and highly entertaining will be in existence when Prof. Tyler, of Michigan, has brought to a close his work so admirably begun. If the scale be preserved, and the history reaches to contemporary authors, his promise of completing it in three or four volumes can hardly be fulfilled. To Prof. Tyler everyone seriously concerned about American literature must go; he is loyal to the past of his country; and even the errors of loyalty have something in them from which we may learn. But readers on this side of the Atlantic cannot be supposed to owe allegiance to every local sagamore of learning or Puritan pow-wow of the old colonial days. Still less can we choose to occupy ourselves (craving Mr. Bright's pardon) with minor American minstrels. Life is not long enough for many expositions in folio of the Covenant of Grace as it is dispensed to the elect seed, even though the expounder be "the reverend and much-desired Mr. John Cotton" or "the rhetorical Mr. Stone" or "the holy, heavenly, sweet-affecting and soul-ravishing minister Mr. Thomas Shepherd." If the brevity of life compels us to choose between Shelley and Wigglesworth, we must sadly turn from the latter. And yet the scientific student of literatures has a keen interest in the early periods of formation; nor are the most recent phenomena of American thought and feeling wholly unconnected with the earliest. By what law of variation of animals under domestication did the Puritan mastodon develop into the flying transcendentalist? By what process did the Hebraic God, a magnified non-natural Increase Mather—he who used his voice "with such a tonitruous cogeny that his hearers would be struck with an awe, like what would be produced on the fall of thunderbolts"—how did that Hebraic ruler and judge dislimn and scatter and effuse himself into the Emersonian "Over-Soul"? "God holds you over the pit of hell much as one holds a spider or some loathsome insect over the fire"—so wrote Jonathan Edwards; "God is so lovely we flee as children to his arms, a refuge from all the troubles, follies, and sins of life"—so wrote Theodore Parker. What bridge, fine as a sword-edge, invisibly spans the gulf between the two?

Nor has poetry been without "development in the expression of the emotions" from the day when Michael Drayton prophesied a crown for the brows of a Virginian bard,

"as there plenty grows
Of Lawrell every where,"

to the day when a Longfellow Memorial Committee has met to do honour to the gentle

singer of both hemispheres. It is not from the gay Virginian cavaliers, as Prof. Nichol notes, that American poetry is derived, but from New England hearts of oak. "Out of the strong came forth sweetness." Even in earliest colonial days venerable divines, in all other respects beyond carnal indulgence, lapsed into the frailty of verse-making. John Cotton, who wielded the fierce Western theocracy in Cromwell's time, and whose death was heralded by "a comet giving a dim light," could not resist flirtation with the Muse, but he prudently concealed the fact by inscribing his English verses in Greek characters upon the blank leaves of his almanac. All the Gay Science of a painful preacher's lifetime would condense itself into some facetious epitaph. John Wilson, the first pastor of Boston, was incomparable in twisting puns into consolatory verses on mournful occasions, which were cherished even as were "the handkerchiefs carried from Paul to uphold the disconsolate;" and, when he departed to a world of glorified puns, his eulogist did not forget to celebrate

"His care to guide his flock and feed his lambs
By words, works, prayers, psalms, alms, and
epigrams."

The first book in English, probably, that ever issued from any printing-press in America was the famous "Bay Psalm Book," the joint production of the chief divines in the country. This is how David was stretched upon the rack, and the wheels were set a-turning by these clerical tormentors till every sinew cracked:—

"Create in me cleane heart at last
God : a right spiritt in me new make.
Nor from thy presence quite me cast,
Thy holy spright not from me take."

With Anne Bradstreet—gentle Anne, exiled at sixteen from her English home, first "professional poet" of New England, "The Tenth Muse lately sprung up in America"—verse-making passed for a moment into non-clerical hands; but "a feeble little shadow of a man," pastor at Malden, won back the lyre for his sex and his profession by a memorable achievement—a poem exceeding in popularity, says Prof. Tyler, any other work in prose or verse produced in America before the Revolution. "The Day of Doom" by Michael Wigglesworth would continue to be read in New England, declared Cotton Mather, until the day of doom itself should arrive. Wigglesworth is the singer of the five points—election, original sin, imputed righteousness, invincible grace, and final perseverance. Doubtless he might have exclaimed with John Cotton, "I love to sweeten my mouth with a piece of Calvin before I go to sleep." Reprobate infants in his poem are summoned to judgment:—

"Then to the bar all they drew near
Who died in infancy,
And never had, or good or bad,
Effected personally."

The little eyases cry out on the top of question, pleading their innocence, but they are rebuked as sinners, and "every sin's a crime":—

"A crime it is; therefore in bliss
You may not hope to dwell;
But unto you I shall allow
The easiest room in hell."

For more than a hundred years after its first publication Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom" was, beyond question, says Prof. Tyler, the one supreme poem of Puritan New England.

But Prof. Tyler and the charm of early American literature must not make us unmindful of Prof. Nichol's "Historical Sketch." It is a book for which the English reader may be sincerely grateful. Americans will probably judge it more strictly than we need or ought to do. Our gratitude is earned by the fact that Prof. Nichol, knowing more than most of us, has made us partakers of his knowledge. One disadvantage which lay in his subject, could not be conquered. That part of the literature of the United States which chiefly interests our English public belongs to the last fifty years; but a writer on recent and contemporary authors can hardly be a literary historian. Oblivion has not yet scattered her poppy; part of the story is too well known. And part of the story is as yet unknown, for the true meanings of recent literary movements have not declared themselves. The writer is driven from the strong position of a historian to the comparatively weak position of an essayist, entertaining us with views instead of instructing us with facts and the interpretation of those facts as ascertained by time. Accordingly, more than half of Prof. Nichol's volume is occupied with essays on well-known writers—Longfellow, Emerson, Poe, Hawthorne, recent novelists and humorists—essays based on sufficient knowledge and containing valuable critical remarks, but lacking the solidity of history, and lacking also its authority. This was inevitable, and we state it as a fact, not as a fault. It was also inevitable, Prof. Nichol's plan being to treat in considerable detail the best-known authors, that not a few writers in the second rank should be passed over in silence, or dismissed in haste. I could wish to hear something more of George Ripley than that he is a "newspaper reviewer of distinction;" and in the chapter on Politics and Oratory to find at least the name of Rufus Choate; and in the chapter on Poets to learn why the distinction of appearing first among American authors in a monumental statue fell to Fitz-Greene Halleck; and in that on Transcendentalism to have the secret of the extraordinary influence of Margaret Fuller, and of the veneration with which many regard Mr. Alcott, revealed somewhat more fully.

By the side of Bryant and Longfellow, among "Representative Poets," Whitman here takes his place:—

"Half the 'Drum Taps' are clarions; the rest dirges or idylls, which only fall short of masterpieces because their passionate regrets are expressed in stammering speech. Few nobler laments have been written in America than 'Lincoln's Burial Hymn.'"

These sentences, however, qualify a criticism adverse on the whole to the claims made for Whitman by his admirers. It is at least evident that Whitman "cannot be skipped."

American Humorists are treated by Prof. Nichol with just severity. True, they have added a new grin to the human countenance, but it is a sudden muscular spasm better

becoming the lank and serious visage of Brother Jonathan than the full face of John Bull, across which low ripples of laughter should gather and swell, until at length they break in billows. As to Bret Harte, Prof. Nichol does not perceive how much he trades in cheap sentiment, bringing an article, not always quite genuine, as a product of the West for sale in the Eastern States.

The reader of this article may infer that good things are to be found in Prof. Nichol's volume from the following insufficient specimens:—

"Hawthorne is so fond of peering beneath the surface of existence that, in his pages, it sometimes loses its ordinary reality. He tries to look through life so constantly that he scarcely takes time to look at it. . . . One defect of Hawthorne's writings is that they hardly exhibit a single commonplace character. . . . Emerson's conclusions are isolated assertions, frequently inconsistent with each other, founded on the impulses, which he calls the intuitions, of a sanguine and pure, though in some directions a limited, mind. His combination of stern practical rectitude with an ideal standard is Mr. Emerson's point of contact with Puritanism. . . . The ideas Mr. Emerson's sentences embody are on the scale of a continent; in form, they are adapted for a cabinet of curiosities. . . . No one can pass from the perusal of Mr. Emerson's writings to any meanness. . . . It was a revolt against the reign of Commerce in practice, Calvinism in theory, and Precedent in Art that gave birth to what has been called 'Transcendentalism.'"

EDWARD DOWDEN.

NEW NOVELS.

Fair and Free. By the Author of "A Modern Greek Heroine." In 3 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Mr. Isaacs: a Tale of Modern India. By F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan.)

Dr. Grimshawe's Secret. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. (Longmans.)

Entranced by a Dream. By Richard Rowlatt. In 3 vols. (White.)

The Tower Gardens. By Lizzie Alldridge. In 3 vols. (White.)

Weird Stories. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. (James Hogg.)

As in the case of the author's former novel, so with *Fair and Free*, the motive of the book is the study of character rather than the development of plot, though there is a clearly defined story with no lack of movement. But the interest centres in the heroine, who is a very curious study, forcibly conceived, and worked out so as to leave a distinct impression of individuality on the reader. Marcella Cassilis is a clever, wealthy, beautiful, and highly educated girl, whose deceased father has trained her as a pure Pagan, to hold as the single article of her creed, with full consciousness of its meaning, that pleasure is the one good, and pain the one evil. It is true that her Epicureanism is not of the Cyrenaic variety; but it is no whit above the level of Epicurus himself, and indeed scarcely rises to it in respect of his occasional leaning towards Stoicism, though quite in accord with at least one of his sentiments—that which makes the pleasure of the stomach the root

and principle of happiness. The girl is described as plotted against by her own aunt, who is greedy of her wealth, to which she is heirless in remainder. Accordingly, she sets herself to destroy the girl's reputation, in order to prevent her marriage; and, when that proves impracticable, she abets an attempt to make her false to her husband so as to lessen the chance of heirs. Some of the situations evolved from this idea are strong and graphic; but the particular thought which the author seems to have had before him is not finally manifested. He had intended to make Guy Laurier, Marcella's husband, a Stoic, and then to show how the two dissimilar temperaments first clash, and then accord in deeper harmony, each having something to teach the other. But this has not been effected, since the man's character has not only been much less vividly conceived than the woman's, but because he is fundamentally not a Stoic at all, but properly only an undeveloped Epicurean, differenced from his wife chiefly by greater simplicity of habits and a rudimentary sense of duty. This is shown in the manner in which she takes a serious misunderstanding between them, wherein it is no thought of any moral or social obligations which keeps her from ruin, but only the fact that she finds that she prefers her husband to his would-be rival. They settle down to be happy at the close of the story, but the factors of cruelty (always underlying intellectual voluptuousness) and satiety would make that doubtful in real life. A more apt motto than Drayton's lines on the title-page would be those words of Rousseau, "S'abstenir pour jouir, c'est l'épicurisme de la raison." A subordinate mistake in the treatment is the entire absence of any hint not merely of the existence of Christianity (save for one not unjust criticism on pictures of the Madonna), but even of Theism, as a recognised factor in forming the moral ideal of European nations.

Mr. Isaacs is a story, or rather a romance, by an American author, of remarkable freshness and promise, displaying exceptional gifts of imagination, though with not a little youthful crudity, not of expression (for that is uniformly good), but of conception. "Mr. Isaacs" is merely the working commercial name of Abdul Hafiz ben Isâk, a wealthy jewel merchant, of Persian birth, highly educated by his father until twelve years old, then stolen and sold as a slave to the Turks, falling, however, into kindly hands in Constantinople, where his training in Oriental learning and philosophy is completed, and whence he escapes in a caravan of pilgrims to Mecca, thence making his way to India, where he accumulates a considerable fortune and earns a high character for probity and generosity. When the story (narrated by one Mr. Griggs, an American citizen born and educated in Italy as a Roman Catholic, and employed in India as editor of a newspaper at Allahabad) opens, Mr. Isaacs is described as of remarkable physical beauty, unusual abilities, perfect mastery of English and some other European languages and literatures, besides a less extraordinary familiarity with the principal tongues spoken throughout Hindostan. He is a devout and convinced Mohammedan, with three wives in his harem,

and holds the ordinary Moslem view of those parts of his establishment. His talk, which is said to be that of a "fellow of Balliol"—it is a little too definite for the Master—shows him to have a strong bent, not towards Sufism (likely enough in a Shiah), but towards the higher Buddhism; a somewhat curious blending of incompatible elements, paralleled to some extent by the Roman Catholic Mr. Griggs in habitually reading Kant. Mr. Isaacs falls in love with Katharine Westonhaugh, a beautiful English girl at Simla, who is also sought by Lord Steepleton Kildare, a young Irish cavalry officer of high breeding and manly character. But Mr. Isaacs makes all the running, entirely changes his opinions as to the position of women in this world and the next, and anticipates no difficulty whatever in clearing his house of his three wives, and installing Miss Westonhaugh in their place by such a marriage as the English community will recognise as valid. Nor does any other person concerned appear to take a less favourable view of his chances; certainly not Mr. Griggs, who abets him heartily, nor the young lady's uncle and brother, so far as they happen to know of it, while she herself is more than willing. There is another side of Mr. Isaacs's life besides the social and love-making one. He is much mixed up with Ram Lal, a Buddhist adept, possessing occult powers, whose nearest literary congener is Mejnour in *Zanoni*. Together with him he arranges for the escape of Shere Ali (the date of the tale is in 1879, in the thick of the late Afghan troubles) to some place outside the English *rāj*; and, while this scheme is on foot, he joins in getting up a tiger-hunting expedition into the Terai to please Miss Westonhaugh. It comes off successfully; but the lady imbibes the germs of jungle fever, and her lover returns to Simla from his rescue of Shere Ali only in time to see her before she dies. Ram Lal persuades him to seek future re-union with her through the path of asceticism in a Lamaist monastery; and he accordingly divests himself of all his wealth in favour of Katharine's brother, and disappears out of the story in company with Ram Lal. Such is an outline of the plot, vivified not only by clever dialogue and forcible situations, but sometimes rising to real beauty of thought and language, while great pains have been given to making the local colour correct. Nevertheless, it is just here that the author has been overcome by the difficulty of his self-imposed task. The hero is not an Oriental at all, but a European (such as might come of mingled Italian and German race) masquerading in Eastern costume. His ideas, as well as his language, are of the West; nor is it conceivable that a sudden passion, however strong, for a beautiful and amiable girl with no particular brains—a point on which the author does not leave us in doubt—could suddenly convert an adult and very much married Moslem to the sentiments of European chivalry and the higher English morality. Nor is the "higher Buddhism," of which we hear a good deal, at all like the real article; for nothing can be more remote from the accepted teaching on Nirvana and the absorption of personality in the Infinite than the Semitic ideas of mutual recognition and permanent re-union of two

human personalities in the world beyond the grave. A few slips we have noticed suggest that internal consciousness has as much to do with the opinions adduced as any Oriental studies; but much may be pardoned to a writer who begins so vigorously.

The posthumous romance by Nathaniel Hawthorne, which his son, Mr. Julian Hawthorne, has edited and equipped with a Preface and notes, is chiefly interesting as affording some insight into its author's method of planning and developing a story. It is incomplete not only as regards the conclusion (though some kind of end is reached), but in much of the detail in even the earlier portions. Of course this lack of finish detracts from the effect in no slight degree; and it cannot be doubted that, had Hawthorne lived to complete it in his own way, it would take much higher rank than is now open to it. Nevertheless, even so, it is impossible to subscribe to his own estimate of its quality, substantially accepted by his son, that it would have been the greatest of his works, and that on which his fame would most safely rest. Nothing short of such a complete recasting as to make it a wholly new book (as to which no evidence is producible) could raise it to the level of some of his former writings. There are fine passages in it which none but Hawthorne himself could have written; but there are no traces of the weird power of the *Scarlet Letter*, of the quaint inventiveness of the *House of the Seven Gables*, or of the insight into moods and characters displayed in the *Blithedale Romance*. The fact that it reads more like an inartistic attempt to blend in one narrative some two or three disconnected sketches of stories on the model of the *Twice Told Tales* than as an original whole may be fairly set down to the accidental interruption of the author's work; but the faults of primary conception and of execution, even in the most finished parts, make it certain that it would in any event have been valued rather because of its authorship than for its intrinsic merits. There is much vigour and effectiveness in the portrait of Dr. Grimshawe himself and in the description of his household, but he is killed off at a comparatively early stage of the narrative, and the scene is transferred from America to England. But far too much space is thenceforward taken up with dissertations—practically reproduced from Hawthorne's own books about England—on the impressions produced by the old-world side of English life and scenery upon a sensitive and cultured American. This topic is enlarged on so as to interfere with the movement of the story, instead of being duly subordinated to the development of character. And the central mystery is a trite and not very strong situation, lacking, too, in dramatic probability. These defects are of the very texture of the book; and, while the descriptions of English scenery are excellent, there are no characters vividly drawn except Dr. Grimshawe himself. One other, a man who in another age and under other conditions would have been an ascetic hermit, promises well, but is not adequately worked out; and the remainder are mere lay figures more or less conventional. We cannot regret

the publication of what is at least an interesting memorial of a unique writer; but we feel no such sense of personal loss in its fragmentary condition as struck us when Thackeray's *Denis Duval* came to an untimely end.

Mr. Rowlatt has much of his art to learn before venturing on so long a flight as a three-volume novel. To begin: there is no little fault to be found with his style, always slovenly, and sometimes ungrammatical, "and which" being a trap which rarely fails to catch him. Next, he does not seem to have formed a distinct notion as to the general scope of his story, so far as the title may be taken as an indication; for there is nothing which even remotely suggests any of his characters being "entranced by a dream," so that "The A Priori Argument" or "The Stellar Horizon" would be just as apt names. Then, he has not known what to do with his personages. One who is introduced early in the narrative with so much detail as to forecast an important part is shot, or shoots himself, soon after, and nothing comes of it, except a brief arrest of another person on suspicion. Two more characters who do take a leading place in the story are drowned together at the end, clearly because the author has not been able to invent a suitable way of getting rid of them. Only one of the characters—the reprobate of the book—has any individuality; and the dialogue, though so far tolerably done that it is like what people of the kind described would probably say in real life, neither helps on the plot nor amuses the reader, being nothing but small-beer chronicles of the flattest kind. Let Mr. Rowlatt try again on a much smaller scale, devoting himself to writing a short magazine tale with a definite plot and conclusion; and, when he can do so much, it will be time enough for him to test his powers of expanding a sketch of the sort to larger dimensions.

Miss Alldridge has made a very readable story out of slight materials. She has laid her scenes for the most part in Trinity Square, near the Tower of London, a nook which seems to have a strong attraction for her. She has also given us a bright and natural heroine; but the book is not an advance on her former novels. If their level is fairly sustained, that is the most a critic can say; and though she has got together a group of characters each of whom is cleverly conceived and sketched, yet she has not worked any of them out thoroughly except the heroine. She betrays several times uncertainty as to how she will end her story, all but prophesying a tragic conclusion, which, after all, is not definitely arrived at, nor yet certainly set aside, reminding one somewhat of the vague issue of *Villette*, and suggesting a like reason for the indecisive close.

Mrs. Riddell's collection of ghost stories has the merit of variety. Usually, a set of tales of the kind by a single writer have only one motive, slightly altered in the setting; but these all differ from one another. Each has merit in its way, but the last, "Old Mrs. Jones," is told with most circumstantiality, and so reads more probably than the rest.

RICHARD F. LITLEDAL.

RECENT VERSE.

Love's Martyrdom. By John Saunders. (Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.) Mr. Saunders explains in his Preface that *Love's Martyrdom* was acted some thirty years ago, and was much praised by Dickens and Landor. Landor's letter is delightful, written as it was in the Boythorn period, and with the full Boythorn spirit about it. Of one passage Landor said: "He would rather have written it than all the poems that had been written in his lifetime," that is to say, everything between the *Lyrical Ballads* and *In Memoriam*, including the works of Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Byron, with some few others. Obviously, we cannot do Mr. Saunders more justice than by quoting this famous passage:—

"After many days
Of struggle, anguish, danger, sweetly borne
She gave me birth. 'Twas nought to her, just then,
The babe's deformity. Heart-thanks to heaven
Flew up, and quick returned with blessings laden
For her own darling's head. While thus she lay,
In the deep, holy calm, the happy lull,
The ineffable relief from o'erwrought pain
That mothers only know, my father came,
And then she smiled, as mothers only smile
Who wait to see the father greet a son
And first-born."

Here is a stanza of a song which, according to Landor, is "very like the finest in Beaumont and Fletcher":—

"What say they, 'Love is blind,' my sweet?
He taught me first to see!
The very flowers beneath my feet
Were only flowers to me
Till love informed them with thy grace
Thy beauty and thy bloom,
Ah, now in all 'tis thee I trace
Thy breath in their perfume."

The delightful extravagance of Landor's praise (which it is very public-spirited of Mr. Saunders to quote) must not lead readers into the idea that the play is worthless. It really has some touches of the author of "A Woman Killed with Kindness" in it.

Strains from the Strand. By Henry S. Leigh. (Tinsley Bros.) We are glad to have read this book of Mr. Leigh's, which has the two signal merits of being very slight in pretension and very satisfactory in performance. If a shoddy-superfine person were to dismiss them as Cockney, it is probable that Mr. Leigh would not do much more than laugh. They are Cockney, and are meant to be so. But they are not imitated from anybody else, they are not vulgar, and they are readable. Perhaps they are more readable than quotable, as light verse is apt to be. But we are glad to have made acquaintance with "The Last Nightmare"—a dreadful "old stager" at a theatre—and with the complaint of the man who had never seen a ghost, and with the views of that sensible historical student "who exhausted Hume and Smollett on the line of British kings," and greatly preferred nursery tales after all, and with "the gusher" who apologises for his abominably cheerful views of existence by remarking,

"It's life to me to be alive."

"The Convalescent Cockney" is a capital poem of its kind, and the "Expostulation with my Housemaid," though as old as literature itself, is also good. But the fact is we cannot spare space to go through Mr. Leigh's book. We can only repeat that we have read it with pleasure and with laughter, the former of which falls rarely, and the latter (except laughter of a sardonic and fiendish kind) still more rarely, to the lot of the reviewer of verse.

Love in a Mist. By Keningale Cook. (Pickering.) *The Guitar Player* was so good that we are rather sorry to have to say of Dr. Keningale Cook's drama that it is not good.

The author honestly enough announces that it is "familiar blank verse." It is: and nothing shall ever make us admit that familiar blank verse is tolerable or pardonable. Here is a speech:—

"I showed the telegram, you were amazed
And whispered long with Mr. Baringer,
Who is so wise with having lived abroad
So many years and almost like a stranger."

Whether this is worth writing at all we doubt. That if it is to be written it should be written in prose we do not doubt.

In a Day. By Augusta Webster. (Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.) In the short drama of *In a Day*, the following of Mr. Browning, which is characteristic of Mrs. Webster, and which (the original having been somewhat diluted and suited for general comprehension) has won her a good deal of applause, frequently appears as here:—

"Thus, as I'd say to one whose part in life
Were basking in the sun, 'a warning, friend,
Take not that corner; there the windiest spirits,
The other side's the better basking-place.'"

This is clever, and, indeed, so is the miniature play.

The Bride and the Bridegroom. By the Rev. J. Cowden-Cole. (Houlston.) Mr. Cowden-Cole has attempted a kind of new *Christian Year* not without some success. His sonnets and his blank verse are better than his strictly lyrical measures; but, on the whole, we have not seen a more successful volume of sacred verse for some time.

The Hebrew Psalter. By W. Digby Seymour, Q.C. (Longmans.) Mr. Digby Seymour anticipates that Hebrew scholars will not find fault with his version of the Psalms from the point of view of scholarship. Whether his confidence is ill or well placed we cannot pretend to say, having long forgotten the very moderate stock of Hebrew which we once took with us to a certain university, and left there. But a metrical version of the Psalms is only indirectly, and in the second place, responsible to Hebrew scholars. In the first place, it has to answer to the question put by the English critic, and this is, What have you got to set against the matchless rhythmical prose of the English Bible and the solemn and enthusiastic, if often rough and prosaic, metre of the early English and Scotch verse paraphrases? We fear that the Recorder of Newcastle has not got much to say in reply. The following, for instance, may be all right, to quote Mr. Digby Seymour himself, in regard to "roots and stemwords, vowel points and reading signs, Dagheshe lene and forte, piel and pual, hiphil and hophal;" but we cannot accept it as tolerable English verse:—

"A reproach to our neighbours we've grown,
Round about us they mock and deride;
To the heathen—a byword alone,
To the people—a head tossed aside.
These thoughts most bewildering rush
And my eyes with confusion are blind,
While my face crimsoned o'er with a blush
Only pictures the state of my mind."

These last two lines suggest what ought to be the state of a translator's face and mind who thus commits regicide and pesticide on David.

Jim Lord. By E. B. Nicholson. (Oxford: Printed for the Writer.) *Jim Lord*, Mr. Nicholson tells us, was rejected by six magazines, and so he printed it, we suppose, to "shame the fools." We have certainly seen much worse verse in magazines, if that is any consolation to Mr. Nicholson. But it does not follow that the six editors were wrong. *Jim Lord* is a tale of a cat and a steward, who jumped overboard to save that cat, for which all cat-lovers (that is to say, all the elect of the earth) will justly think much of Jim. But we are not prepared to say

that the unquestionable excellence of the deed is a reason for telling it in verse rather than prose unless the verse itself is excellent, which we fear we cannot pronounce Mr. Nicholson's to be. We disagree in toto with his wishes "that English versifiers on this side the Atlantic were willing more often to write of the people, for the people, and in the language of the people." For pedestrian purposes, there is the appropriate *sermo pedestris*.

Ariadne in Naxos. By R. S. Ross. (Trübner.) It is really astonishing to the student of the natural history of minor poets to observe their remarkable indifference to the plainest warnings. The example of Mr. Pendennis might, one would have thought, have warned the minor bard off "Ariadne." But he is apparently of his nature proof against advice. Mr. Ross has attempted the full classical drama in Mr. Swinburne's manner. To do him justice, he has apparently some tincture of the originals in point of sentiment and thought; but no man can expect readers to hold out against the intolerable lumbering of such verse as the following, which opens one of Mr. Ross's choruses:—

"Ay! slowly and lingeringly walk by his side,
O helpful enchantress, O strange Cretan bride;
For heavy the air is with change and with sorrow,
The unwilling feet shrink from the unrolling
 morrow,
And curses may fall on the dawning which bore
Great Aegides a stranger to Creta's fair shore;
Though he left it victorious with thee,
For thou gavest him a sword and a clue,
By thee Daedalus' labyrinth he knew,
By thy magic was Athens set free."

Mr. Ross's iambics are better, but not sufficient to redeem him as a practitioner of a highly artificial style which only the splendid poetry of *Atalanta* and *Erechtheus* makes tolerable in English. A Greek drama is admirable—in Greek.

The Sorrow of Simona, and Lyrical Verses. By E. J. Newell. (Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.) We are unable to say anything good or bad of Mr. Newell. His verse, the principal subject of which is, it is scarcely necessary to say, the well-known story from Boccaccio, is almost entirely colourless.

David Rizzio, and other Plays. By the Author of "Ginevra." (Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.) We cannot, without laborious calculation of volumes and dates, estimate the exact tragic output per annum of the author of "Ginevra," but we should guess it at about a play per two months. Neither "David Rizzio" nor "Bothwell" nor "The Witch Lady," which this last volume contains, is better or worse than "Ginevra," or any of its fellows. The whole production of this remarkable author (who, with the blessing of Providence, may hope to beat Heywood and rival Hardy or Lope) shows a copious faculty of writing verse which is a little above prose and a good deal below poetry, a power of throwing together the materials of tragedy in a certain loose structure which, with no artistic merit, is not altogether contemptible, and an entire lack of the power of self-criticism. The principal thing that is curious about these countless plays is that the person who has wit enough to write them should not have wit enough to burn them. In a Preface to "Bothwell" there is this odd remark: "The episode of Chastelard may be summarily dismissed as a theme for the distorted mind of the poetaster to turn into obscene verse." The inevitable suggestion of this may be accidental and erroneous. But, if it is not, the use of the word poetaster, considering the speaker and the subject, is full of humour.

In Fear and Dole. By William Beckenham. (Wade.) Mr. William Beckenham is a kind of literary Sim Tappertit. His title is, it must be admitted, disquieting enough; and, in his

Preface, he breathes other words of terror. "Some of its constituents," he tells us darkly, "may offend, but the author claims to be free;" "not far off is another matter, the author believes in good and evil;" "one thing more, the author has to confess having made a somewhat lavish use of verbal veils;" in short, Mr. Beckenham, by his own account, is a free-thinker, a courageous unmasker of social ills, and a sayer of hard sayings. The expectant reader feels that he must brace up his mind. But, alas! the preparation is quite unnecessary. Mr. Beckenham promises to tell us

"[How] a dark and awful shame
Very nearly soiled the name
Of Margaret Moir."

But nothing happens except that Margaret discovers her lover to be a married man, and very properly orders him about his business. Again, Mr. Beckenham's philosophic wrappings go no farther than such questions as

"Gaunt ghastly thought!
Keep far away.
Is mankind naught
But soulless clay?
Can dead stuff live
And by an aimless bootless negative
Be grandly wrought?"

We like the idea of a negative taking, not merely, like Mr. Parnell, its coat, but its boots, off in the ardour of working. Not a few such pleasant images may be picked up in the hundred pages or so of *In Fear and Dole*.

A Life's Love. By George Barlow. (Remington.) It is well known that, as the man grows older, the waistcoat has a habit of growing wider; so that, after the word "growth" has ceased to be applicable vertically, it has a horizontal bearing. Mr. George Barlow's poems appear to be subject to this same law of amplification. Each of his volumes is fatter than the last, and *A Life's Love* (in which, to do him justice, some previous volumes appear to be melted down) is the fattest of all. However, its bulk is more apparent than real. The paper is thick, and there are not three hundred and fifty pages in a volume which, by its portliness, promises about double the number, nor is there very much on a page, a sonnet or three four-lined stanzas generally occupying that space. At this rate the *Roman de la Rose*, or the *Mahabharata*, or even the *Iliad* would take a considerable number of volumes; but it must be presumed that Mr. Barlow's gold is, in his judgment, of the kind that will stand beating out thin. Moreover, neither Homer nor Guillaume de Lorris brought out a volume a-year, which Mr. Barlow must have been doing for a long time. He reminds us (and a certain mysterious Alice) of the fact thus:—

"Lo! for eleven long years I day and night,
Have laboured, Alice, for thy soul's delight;
And faced the wrath
And all the extremest ills time brings;
Fold thou me round with passionate wings."

If by this agreeable process Alice stops Mr. Barlow's mouth, and prevents him from reciting to her the whole of his eleven years' compositions, it will be well; if not, she has her repartee ready in certain words of Agamemnon to Clytemnestra. This, however, is flippancy, and not criticism. But the fact is that it is very difficult to criticise Mr. Barlow. He has, as is said somewhere in Thackeray, "the queerest aping of sense and poetry," but more of poetry than of sense. If people like to read about "purple-sundered deeps of heavenly storms" and "the high, inexorable gods," and "the clear, immeasurable blaze," and so on, we do not quite know why they should not read Mr. Barlow. It is true that we are still unable honestly to say of anything we have read of his that we would rather have read it than not, but

then there is not much verse of which we do feel inclined to say that. It is even rather interesting to discover what odd things happen to Mr. Barlow; how, for instance, "the wild hours hustle" him—conduct on the part of the hours which cannot be excused. He wishes for things even odder, as thus:—

"Let the waves
Of rapture writhe about the mouth that craves,
And choke it in fruition."

This fustian and the presence of a dear friend would go near to make a man laugh.

Summer Songs. By J. A. Hewitt. (Rivingtons.) Here is a stanza taken at random from Mr. Hewitt's second page:—

"On paths of the perished past-tide
By weltering weeds o'ercrept
On sea-dripping strands where the vast-eyed
Ocean had come and wept
Sand flower, sea-bloom, and shingle,
And left but its tears behind,
The memories met to mingle
And weep with the weed and the wind."

That is not worth much certainly, and when it passes into

"The promiseless calm of the present
Was dull with the dusk of night,
And the glare of my youth's evanescent
Ovations of laughter and light,"

the reader is fain to shut the book, or, at least, turn the page. He turns it, and he comes to:

"The sea is calm, the sky serene,
The summer's broiery is on
The glowing fields, the grass is clean
And soft and sweet to rest upon.
Rest here, Gitanee."

It is an interesting literary question whether, even in the days of the sixteenth century in France, anybody was ever imitated quite in the naïve and faithful way in which our minor bards imitate Mr. Swinburne.

Songs in Sunshine. By the Rev. F. Langbridge. (Eyre and Spottiswoode.) We doubt the wisdom of self-laudatory and pugnacious Prefaces. Mr. Langbridge informs us that "in days of widespread poetical affectation" his poems "are natural," that "in days of all-prevailing obscurity they can be understood by a plain person," &c. Both statements are quite true. But might not Mr. Langbridge have left it to his critics to say so? He has the Irish knack of rattling verse which will go to music, and not a little of the fun which used, in days now long ago, to be considered also Irish. His poems, as he says, are really songs. Some of them, such as "The Passionate Pickle to his Love," are very good fun in their way, and the sentimental ones are not too provocative of laughter.

Songs of Many Days. By K. C. (Marcus Ward.) *Songs of Many Days* are songs of but few pages, and we do not pretend to be sorry for it. K. C. is not often so bad as when he speaks of

"All life, love, and knowledge,
A human may know."

But he is not often very good, or even good at all. The two best things in the book are, perhaps, two hunting songs.

The Maid of Orleans. Translated from the German of Schiller by Lewis Filmore. (Griffin.) There was once a school where the sixth form had a written examination every week in the Greek and Latin read during that week. The option was allowed of translating in verse or prose; and one young person always chose the former, "for," said he, with candour, if not with a high sense of art or duty, "one's just as easy as the other, and you needn't stick so close to the original." The perusal of Mr. Filmore's translation of the *Jungfrau* has reminded us of this early experience.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE hear that the arrangements of *Longman's Magazine* for the coming year include a series of papers on the peasantry of various parts of the United Kingdom. Mr. Thomas Hardy is to do the Dorsetshire Labourer, Mrs. Oliphant the Skye Crofter, and Mr. Justin McCarthy the Irish Cottier.

MR. STANLEY LANE-POOLE hopes shortly to pay a visit to Egypt, with the object of adding a practical acquaintance with the country to the large knowledge he has already gained as a scholar.

MR. DONALD MACKINNON, the new Professor of Celtic Language, History, Literature, and Antiquities in the University of Edinburgh (for such is his full title), is understood to have been elected unanimously. He took his degree at Edinburgh in 1869, gaining the Hamilton fellowship in moral philosophy. Since 1872 he has been clerk to the Edinburgh School Board. He received the powerful support of Sheriff Nicolson, who, it was hoped at one time, might have consented to fill the chair himself. The income from endowments will amount to about £580 a-year.

MR. J. A. FROUDE is the author of a story that introduces the Christmas supplement of the *Rock*. It is an allegory, entitled "The Merchant and his Three Sons," enforcing Mr. Froude's well-known views about Ireland and its Roman Catholic priesthood. Mr. Froude's friends should try to confine him to such bright and picturesque subjects as his yachting and fishing tour in Norway which appeared in the second issue of *Longman's*, and kept back the continuation of Mr. Freeman's paper on "American Speech and Customs" to the January number.

PROF. J. E. THOROLD ROGERS has in preparation a book upon Ensilage and Silo, a subject upon which he has a paper in *Macmillan's* for this month. The volume will be illustrated with diagrams, and published by Messrs. W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. early next year.

MR. E. W. GOSSE has printed for private issue a Life of Thomas Lodge, the Elizabethan. The edition is limited, we understand, to ten copies.

A FARM in Kirkcudbrightshire, but within a mile of Dumfries, has been let to the Messrs. Carlyle, of Craigenputtock, nephews of Thomas Carlyle. The area of the farm is 174 acres, nearly all arable; and the rent, £503.

THREE new volumes of the "Illustrated Library of the Fairy Tales of all Nations" (Sonnenschein) have just appeared—*Old Norse Sagas*, edited by Miss E. Cappel; *Goblin Tales of Lancashire*, collected by Mr. James Bowker; and the *Gesta Romanorum*, in a selection. *Epics and Romances of the Middle Ages* is the title of Dr. Wagner's companion volume to his *Asgard and the Gods*. It has been issued this week, and contains the romances (in prose) of the Lombard, Gothic, Nibelung, Charlemagne, and Arthurian cycles, with a rendering of Beowulf.

MESSRS. HODDER AND STOUGHTON will publish immediately *Old Testament Revision: a Handbook for English Readers*, by Prof. Alexander Roberts, author of a *Companion to the Revised New Testament*.

MESSRS. NOVELLO announce a new weekly musical journal, to be called *The Musical Review*, of which the first number will appear on Saturday next. It is stated that the paper will be devoted solely to the interests of Art, following the excellent example of Schumann's *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*. It will not be made the

organ of any party; for this the editor, whose name is for the present withheld, makes himself personally responsible.

A NEW illustrated monthly magazine, called *Amateur Mechanics*, is to appear with the new year. The editor is Mr. Paul N. Hasluck, and the publishers are Messrs. Trübner and Co.

THE *Masonic Monthly* is discontinued.

MR. T. TINDALL WELDRIDGE is engaged on an illustrated History of Thornton Abbey, Lincolnshire.

MR. WILLIAM ANDREWS, secretary of the Hull Literary Club, will edit in the *Hull Packet* a weekly column under the title of "East Yorkshire and North Lincolnshire Notes and Queries." Mr. John H. Leggett will write for it a series of chapters on "Local Worthies;" Mr. Edward Lamplough will furnish "Echoes of Old Hull;" Mr. T. Tindall Weldridge, Mr. T. B. Trowsdale, and Mr. J. P. Briscoe have promised contributions on local history, biography, archaeology, folk-lore, &c. It is intended that the matter shall be reprinted in a volume.

THERE is a curious literature growing up in India which attracts far too little attention in England. It has long been known that many of the popular books of the day which occupy society for a few years till they are superseded by others are eagerly read by natives who have received their education at English schools and colleges. But it is much less known that many of these books are not only read, but carefully criticised, by natives, and that almost every post brings us Reviews or pamphlets, written in Indian vernaculars, and containing curious examinations of the latest theories advanced by English philosophers. We have just received the first part of a work called *Tattva-nirṇaya* (i.e., Examination of the Truth), by Debonath Banerjee, published at Calcutta so long ago as 1879. It is written in Bengali, and treats of the following subjects:—(1) "Atoms and Animals" (a criticism of Prof. Tyndall's theory); (2) "Transformation of Animals and Vegetables" (a criticism of Darwin's theory); (3) "Primary Condition;" (4) "Soul and Brain;" (5) "Immortality of the Soul;" (6) "Free Will;" (7) "Automatism;" (8) "Nature and the Self-existent;" (9) "Immutable Relation between Creator and Creation" (a criticism of J. S. Mill); (10) "First Cause" (a criticism of Comte); (11) "Existence;" (12) "Creator and Constructor;" (13) "Pantheism" (a criticism of the pantheistic doctrines of the day). Though the treatment of these great questions is slight, yet as a phase of thought it is interesting; and the future historian of India will find it very difficult to write his chapter on the renaissance of Indian literature in the nineteenth century unless some of our public libraries make a great effort to collect such books as Debonath Banerjee's *Tattva-nirṇaya*, and preserve them for use, if not at present, at all events in the future.

AN essay by Spielhagen on the novelist's art has just been published at Leipzig.

ON the first day of the new year Herr Sacher-Masoch, the popular editor of *Auf der Höhe* (which may fairly claim to be a cosmopolitan magazine), will celebrate the jubilee of his literary career. His friends in many countries have united to present him with an album containing their autographs.

CARL ANDERSEN, the Danish poet and novelist, whose vivid stories of Icelandic life have made a name outside Scandinavian countries, has just published another tale of Iceland, entitled *Over Skjoer og Braending* (Copenhagen: G. Gad).

PFARRER FRIEDRICH WRUBEL, the pastor of Zell, in the Wiesenthal, who was formerly a

working miner, has just published a small collection of miners' legends—*Sammlung bergmännischer Sagen* (Freiberg-in-Sachsen). The religious character of the old German miner is proverbial; and Pfarrer Wrubel points with pride to the fact that the German Reformation was the work of a miner's son.

THE year's *Proceedings* of the Portuguese Folk-Lore Society have been issued by Clavel, of Oporto. The book is edited by Senhor J. Leite de Vasconcellos, who published not long since an interesting study of the folk-lore of his native country, called *Tradições populares de Portugal*.

A NEW shilling monthly makes its appearance at Vienna with the new year, called the *Oesterreichische Rundschau*, which bids fair to be a worthy rival of its older contemporaries. The first number opens with a charming tale by the most distinguished living novelist of South Germany—Paul Heyse. English readers will be attracted by a paper on the much discussed question of the relation of Byron to Goethe, by Dr. Brandl. History, biography, travels, poetry, science, are all represented; and the number concludes with "Parliamentary" and "Critical" retrospects, neither of them by any means confined to home affairs, and a short Bibliography. The *Rundschau* is published by Carl Graef, of Vienna.

WE are glad to be able to contradict the statement that the *Athenæum Belge* has ceased publication with the present year. The truth is that it will only change from a fortnightly to a monthly issue. We take this opportunity of congratulating the editor, M. Ernest Gossart, of the Bibliothèque royale, upon the manner in which he has conducted his paper during the past five years.

AMERICAN JOTTINGS.

THE new edition of Ogilvie's *Imperial Dictionary* is to be issued in America by the Century Company. In the land of Webster and Worcester no higher compliment could be paid to the enterprise of Messrs. Blackie and the labours of their editor, Dr. Annandale.

A *Little Pilgrim*, we are hardly surprised to find, seems to have attracted much more attention in America than here. It was widely reprinted there immediately after its first appearance in *Macmillan's*; and the *Literary World* says of it—"no writing of the kind has been more talked about since the publication of *Gates Ajar*."

MR. T. HARDY'S new novel, *Two on a Tower* (which first appeared, by-the-way, in an American magazine), is already being issued by three different American publishers. By two of them the book is sold for twenty cents (tenpence). The only English edition is in three volumes, costing a guinea and a-half.

WE understand that *Harper's Christmas* was entirely sold out in this country in the week of its publication by Messrs. Sampson Low. The price was half-a-crown, which compares favourably with the seventy-five cents charged for it in America. Mr. T. Hall Caine's *Recollections of Rossetti* is being issued by Messrs. Roberts, of Boston, at three dollars, say twelve shillings. The English price is only seven and sixpence. Truly the public on both sides of the Atlantic are the parties most interested in the question of copyright.

THE new volume, being the fifth, of the "American Men of Letters" series (published in this country by Messrs. Sampson Low) is *Fenimore Cooper*, by Prof. Lounsbury, of Yale.

MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND CO., of Boston, have ready the *Life of Ole Bull*, written by his widow.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, the veritable author of "Home, Sweet Home," died at Tunis, where he had been American consul, in 1852. It is now proposed to exhume his remains and take them "home" to Washington.

THE Boston *Literary World* of November 18 has a scholarly article on "The Mazarin Bible" by Mr. Allibone, of the Lenox Library, New York, which possesses one of the few copies that have yet crossed the Atlantic. A list is given, which we believe to be complete, of all the copies known to be in existence, with the places of their deposit. Including fragmentary copies, the total number is nine printed on vellum and thirty-one on paper. It is stated that the present price of a vellum copy is about £4,000, and of a paper copy about £3,000; yet in 1825 one of the former was bought for £504, and in 1822 one of the latter for £168.

THE same number of the *Literary World* has a paper on "Longfellow's First Volumes," which, curiously enough, are all educational. These were issued by him as part of his work when Professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin College. They are (1) a *Manuel de Proverbes dramatiques* (1832); (2) *Novelas Españolas* (1830), being two of Washington Irving's stories put into a Spanish dress by one Montgomery; and (3) a translation of L'Homond's *Elements of French Grammar* (third edition, 1834). The two first were only edited by Longfellow, the last was also translated; but each has a Preface by him.

THE Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women in connexion with Harvard University has recently obtained a charter of incorporation, but is still much in need of money. During the third year of its operations, which has just closed, the total number of pupils was thirty-eight, who attended twenty-eight courses of lectures given by twenty-three different members of the university faculty. The courses best attended were those of English and Greek. The annual charge for tuition for the full course is as much as 200 dollars (£40), and for a single course 75 dollars (£15). It is not often realised how much endowments reduce the cost of university education to men.

At the Convention of Librarians at Cincinnati last June, fears were expressed by some of the members who were present from Western States that their position was insecure from political causes. This fear has turned out true. As a result of the recent elections, the State Librarian of Indiana has already been dismissed; and the State Librarian of Michigan has likewise received notice. The latter, who is a woman, is described as the only good librarian Michigan ever had; but her place is wanted for another woman, who stumped the State for the victorious party.

FRENCH JOTTINGS.

THE Académie des Sciences at its last meeting appointed a committee, with M. Milne-Edwards as president, to co-operate with the English committee for raising a memorial to Charles Darwin. The proprietors of the *Revue scientifique* have given a subscription of 100 frs.

It has been decided to collect the speeches of the great criminal lawyer, Me. Lachaud, who died in the early part of this month, and publish them in the course of next year.

M. ALPHONSE DAUDET'S new novel will appear before the end of January. It is entitled *L'Evangéliste: Roman parisien*.

FIRMIN-DIDOT have just published the third part of the second volume of the French Dictionary compiled by the Académie française.

At the meeting of the Municipal Council of Paris last week, a proposal was brought forward

to grant a subsidy to the Positivist Library in the rue Réaumur. Despite the support of Dr. Robinet, who is himself a member of the municipality, the proposal was rejected by twenty-six votes to twenty-four. The minority were all Republicans; the majority consisted of six clericals and twenty autonomists. The opposition of the last party, headed by M. Yves Guyot, was partly due to a suspicion that the Positivists were on too intimate terms with M. Gambetta, but still more to the argument that "le positivisme religieux est une sorte de catholicisme."

THE eighth volume of M. Elisée Reclus' great work—*Nouvelle Géographie universelle*—which has just been published by Hachette, treats of India and Further India.

GARNIER FRÈRES have collected into a handsome volume, illustrated with engravings after Delaroche and others, a series of historical portraits by Sainte-Beuve, from Henri IV. to Guizot.

AMONG the *étrennes* issued in the "Bibliothèque de Récréation," under the editorship of Bibliophile Jacob, we notice *La Rose et l'Anneau*, "par Titmarsh."

THE *Revue politique et littéraire* for December 23, gives a further series of fifteen "Petits Poèmes en Prose" by M. Turgueneff. It is stated that he originally meant to call them "Senilia." Another instalment, of a more personal and private character, is reserved for the present.

THE fourth part of the "Bibliothèque de l'Ecole de Chartes" contains a complete bibliography of the late Jules Quicherat. It enumerates thirteen books published separately, and 350 papers distributed among thirty-five *Reviews*, &c.

Polybiblion for December has a review of Mr. Saintsbury's *Short History of French Literature* by M. Gustave Masson, who says:—

"J'avais eu souvent l'occasion d'apprécier l'étendue de son savoir, la sûreté de son goût, et l'impartialité de sa critique, mais je me figurais pas que dans un volume en — 12 de 600 pages il fût possible de retracer avec autant de détail le tableau complet de la littérature française."

THE death is announced at Paris of one M. Quitard, who deservedly bore the title of "doyen des gens de lettres françaises," for he had attained his ninety-fifth year, and preserved to the last his prodigious memory. He is said to have known by heart, besides other things, 25,000 lines of French poetry.

M. RENAN has been interviewed, to verify an item of literary news, by a reporter of the *Voltaire*. It had been stated in another Paris newspaper that he was editing the *Memoirs* of Mme. Cornu, the foster-sister of Napoléon III. The facts, however, are these. Mme. Cornu, who died in 1875, has left no writings whatever. But there does exist, in the Bibliothèque nationale, a bundle of letters addressed to her by Napoléon when he was confined in the fortress of Ham; and these letters are not to be published until ten years after her death—i.e. in 1885. M. Renan has seen them, and bears witness to their extreme interest as illustrating the character of Napoléon, for they were written in familiar confidence without any thought of publication. Politics proper are rarely referred to; but there are constant requests for books dealing with political economy and socialism, and comments upon them when received and read. Finally, M. Renan is reported to have said:—

"Vous avez bien fait, monsieur, de venir près de moi contrôler cette nouvelle. Il faut toujours vérifier. Le rôle du journalisme moderne est bien dessiné maintenant. L'exactitude est le premier de ses devoirs. Ce doit être aussi sa politesse."

CAMOENS' SONNETS.

Valencia: December, 1882.

IN a late masterly article on this subject, in which ample justice was done to my volume of *Seventy Sonnets, &c.*, I was severely called to account for having transgressed all rules, and fallen short of my own standard, by turning Sonnet xiii., pp. 8 and 9, into stanzas. But I had confessed my transgression in my Dedictory Letter to Capt. Burton. I still think the stanzas pretty; but the effect of the reprimand, the force of which I acknowledge, has been to produce from me a real sonnet translation. Having written this, it has seemed to me that, as you have been lately publishing some very interesting translations of Camoens' Sonnets by Capt. Burton, and are thus aiding his and my resolution to make that standard author known in England in becoming garb, you might find room for publishing my present act of repentance; and I therefore send you the new version below. This is now strictly correct in form as well as meaning. Let me add that Camoens addresses his sonnet to a lady called *Violante*, and alludes to her name by the two words "*Viola antes*." I call my lady "*Violeta*," and make my allusion by the two words "*Violet above*."

TO VIOLETA.

XIII.

Into a garden adorned with green,
Whereof bright flowers bedecked the 'enamelled
face,
Linked with the goddess of wood and chace,
The goddess fair of love to come was seen.
Diana pulled a rose of purest mien,
Venus, red lily, brightest of the place;
But beyond all the rest of flowers in grace
And beauty, there appeared the violet's sheen.
Of Cupid they demand, who stood beside,
Which, as the purest, loveliest to love,
Of those three blossoms he the rather chose.
Then smiling, thus to them the boy replied:
They all are fair, but Violet above
The lily I prefer, and e'en the rose.

J. J. AUBERTIN.

LETTER FROM TUNIS.

Tunis: Dec. 16, 1882.

I MUST begin my letter by warning future travellers against coming to Tunis by the Italian coasting steamer from Trapani and Marsala. It is indescribably filthy, the accommodation and food are bad, and the prices are high. At the same time, there are few places in Sicily which are more worthy of a visit than Monte San Giuliano, the ancient Eryx, which rises behind Trapani. Apart from the magnificent view which the summit commands or the mediæval castle and cathedral of the town, the Phœnician remains which still exist there possess the highest archaeological interest. On the north side of the town the mediæval walls rest on courses of huge stones, which are bevelled and laid in the same peculiar fashion as the colossal stones at Baalbek, or the large stones in the south-eastern angle of the Harâm wel' at Jerusalem, and in the fragment of early wall at Tyre. No one who has seen the stones of Baalbek can doubt for a moment that they have been shaped by the same architects as the stones of Mount Eryx. That these architects were Phœnicians is made evident by a fact which I have not seen noticed elsewhere, and which may therefore have not been previously observed. At one point in the walls of San Giuliano, where the original builders erected a tower and a sort of postern gate, the lintel of which consists of a single slab of stone, the stones of the primitive wall are less weathered than elsewhere; and here upon the outer surfaces of most of them I found a mason's mark deeply engraved in the shape of a Phœnician *beth*. The letter has the same form as in the famous tariff of sacrifices found

at Marseilles. At another point in the old wall, a little farther to the west, where, again, the stones showed less weathering, I also found the same letter cut upon them. This discovery, if discovery it be, settles the origin and date of the early walls at San Giuliano, as well as of the great stones at Baalbek. In the garden of the castle at San Giuliano is an immense cistern, cut out of the rock, which forcibly reminds one of the cisterns of the Harâm at Jerusalem. The castle occupies the site of the temple of Astarte or Venus, and the walls of the Roman temple are still visible in two places. Systematic excavations on the spot would no doubt bring to light many relics of the Phœnician period; as it is, the little museum in the public library of Trapani contains several interesting Phœnician objects found there (among others, a terra-cotta image of the Phœnician Bes, and the horns of Astarte in bronze), while Prof. Salinas showed me, at Palermo, a Phœnician inscription recently brought from Trapani. It is a dedication to Baal Khammân, with the figure of the dedicatory and the usual symbols above. I may add that the collection of objects from Selinus at Trapani is far more interesting and important than that in the miserable little museum at Castelvetro, where the only thing worth noting that I saw was an archaic vase with the *svastika* upon it. At Selinus itself there is no museum at all.

On our way to Sicily, my companions and myself passed through Magna Græcia. I found that since my last visit to Taranto, three years ago, all traces of the Roman forum and amphitheatre had disappeared, new streets of houses having been built upon their site. At Metapontum, on the other hand, excavations are going on quietly among some tombs situated near the railway, and not far from the temple which was disinterred with so much care by the Government a short time ago. The ground round the tombs is covered with objects thrown away by the excavators, consisting chiefly of terra-cotta weights and broken vases. There is now a good restaurant at the railway-station, so that it is easy to spend a day on the site of the old Greek city. Nothing has been done in the way of digging near Corigliano since I was last there, though the mounds which cover the ruins of Thurii and Sybaris must contain much that is valuable. Excavations, however, would be both costly and troublesome. At Cotrone, the ancient Crotona, and Torre di Gerace, the ancient Lokri Epizephyrii, it is plain that excavations would be as useless as at Castrogiovanni, the ancient Enna, in Sicily, which we passed on our way from Messina to Palermo. In all these places there is little or no deposit of soil. At Cotrone, nevertheless, when we were returning from an excursion to the Læinian promontory, one of my companions, Mr. Myers, noticed remains of ancient glass manufactories, such as I have seen at Tyre and Arsûf, in the ground through which a new road has been cut. As these manufactories must have been just outside the city walls, the site of the ancient town cannot have been far off.

By the courtesy of Dr. Bollig and the Cavalier Descemet, I was allowed to examine the cuneiform inscriptions recently discovered by the latter in a case of the Vatican Library, where they had remained unnoticed for the last forty years.* Unfortunately, I was so pressed for time that I was unable even to handle two terra-cotta "olives" contained in the collection, and could take only a hurried copy of an interesting text of Nebuchadnezzar describing certain of his buildings "in the land of Babylon." I further copied the fragment of a clay cylinder containing the annals of an Assyrian king, and a seal which gives the names of an early Babylonian viceroy and his father. In the collection is also a fragment in

relief of the inscription found on the bricks of Nebuchadnezzar, as well as the fragment of an alabaster vase, with the words "of one *barsa*" upon it. I hope I may have the opportunity of examining the collection at greater length on my way home. A. H. SAYCE.

THE OLD HOUSES OF WEST YORKSHIRE.

STANDING dark and solid against the sky-line of the wild moorlands of Yorkshire, or nestling in the wooded valleys that separate them, are many mansions of the seventeenth century, of which the like can scarcely be seen elsewhere. These houses, lying in the heart of the stone district, in the midst of heathery moorlands and wastes, were made by their builders in natural accord with the scenery that surrounds them, and they were also the truthful expression of the feelings and requirements of those who lived in them. For these reasons they are entitled to the consideration of students of art, as the outcome of a particular phase of English social and domestic life. They were built during the seventeenth century—under the characteristic impulse of the successful Englishman to establish his family in its ancestral home—either by the younger sons of greater families, or by men who had attained a substantial position by commerce.

A great "house-body," occupying the middle of the building, a gable at each end, containing the retiring rooms of the mansion, and the domestic offices behind—these were the simple features of the plan. The large hall-window, occupying one side of the room, rose to its longitudinal roof, and was divided by many mullions and transoms into diamonded lights, often filled with stained glass. The gable at each end, of two stories, had likewise its mullioned windows, deeply recessed, and casting fine shadows from their curious water-tables, with the quaintly carved terminations. The porch was a remarkable feature of the house, its doorway having Ionic pillars at its jambs, and often on its arch a date and coat-of-arms, while the chamber above had frequently a rose-window of rich tracery, and was surmounted by a pinnacled gable. But these simple characteristics of the building were subjected to endless modification and change. Sometimes the hall, instead of being open to the roof, had rooms constructed above it, and then one gable or more replaced its longitudinal roof externally; and sometimes these pinnacled gables rose on every side of the building. Nevertheless, however the hall was changed, the generic features of its appearance were preserved; built of millstone grit of the hardest, its details were necessarily simple, whence its window-mullions had usually plain splays, but sometimes cavettoes, and more rarely ogee mouldings and fillets. Its stories, generally two in number, though in rare instances three, were separated by projecting string-courses of simple mouldings; and each gable had a pinnacle, often in the shape of a ball. Grim yew-trees stood around it; and quaint hedges, cut to fantastic shapes and prim, led up to its doorway, where often a moral phrase or classic quotation marked the taste of its occupant. Its door was a mighty piece of oak, of iron hardness, studded with prodigious nails, that bears to-day the seams of centuries, and looks as if it yet might well defy all the blasts of time. When the wayfarer knocked thereat, he might be scrutinised, if haply he were a Puritan or Roundhead, through the window at its side; but, his credentials delivered, it swung on its hinges, and opened the wide and hospitable passage to the hall. The apartment that lay then before him, the largest in the house, with, as we have said, the great window occupying one side, was wainscoted, to the height of about six feet, in

* See ACADEMY, December 16, 1882.

square panels, whereof the upper ones were filled with flat carving. The staircase, a distinctive feature of the room, was the ascent to the gallery, which ran along three sides of it, with oaken rail and banister. The hall was paved with flags set diamond-wise, and had a great English fireplace with its chimney-nook; and, above, the royal arms and those of the King's commanders, together with a date, and many a loyal inscription, such as "Fear God, Honour the King," and the like. The room had generally an open timber roof. The furniture was in perfect accord with the house: under the window stood the immense hall-table with its thick legs; opposite, was the dresser, covered with plate; the chairs were heavy and solid; and the mantle was frequently supported by caryatides. It was here, when the great logs crackled on the fire by winter, that the gay dames and cavaliers of the neighbourhood assembled for their amusement; here, that they danced the stately minuet and sang the loud song of loyalty. For the owners of most of the houses we describe appear to have been followers of the King. Perhaps in this hall was the family assembled when news came of Naseby and Marston Moor; perhaps from that porch sallied forth the lord to take his share in the combat, from that rose-window that his lady waved her adieu; and perhaps here that his widow received tidings of the slain. The upper rooms of the house, which were approached from the gallery of the hall, were wainscoted like it, and frequently had wonderful ceilings of geometrical plaster-work. When our visitor went to rest at night, he retired to a great bed of state, magnificently carved, with a heavy canopy supported on the thickest of pillars, and a long chest standing at its foot, where, let us hope, he slept a wholesome sleep blown upon him by the fresh moorland air. Perhaps in the morning he looked through the window upon the long lines of the distant hills, and then, descending, bade farewell to the house-master and his lady, and, passing through the tall pillars at the gate, went on his way.

So, in due course of a generation or two, passed likewise through that portal the glory of the house. Its owner was dead, his children departed, his wealth perhaps confiscated, or at any rate, by some ill turn of fate, his substance done away with entirely. *Nunc mea, mox huius, sed postea nescio cuius*, is the motto on Barkisland Hall—a fit motto, indeed, not only for that house, but for most of its fellows, for neither cavalier nor yeoman knew for whom he built. In fact, there are few of these houses that have not fallen from their old position. However, it happened that when the gentry were departed, the toilers came in—men who ploughed, perhaps, the fields by day, and plied the shuttle by night. The hall now was filled with hand-loom, and the passer-by at night might hear the weaver's song tuned to the throw of his shuttle. His cloth made, pressed, and finished, he placed it upon the back of a pack-horse, and sent it to the nearest market town to be sold. It was a hard life the hand-loom weaver led, from 5 in the morning to 8 or 9 at night, working indoor and outdoor, without a change the whole year round. But a change did come at last, whereat the hand-loom weaver was amazed, and rebelled; the power-loom was invented, and he, his trade departed, fled to the towns, there to seek in other ways his scanty livelihood. And this departure of the hand-loom weaver marked a further degradation in the house he had occupied. Cut up now into miserable tenements for farm-labourers, an insecure floor placed across its hall level with the gallery, and the whole place given over to a cruel and careless vandalism, the house we have endeavoured to picture remains in many forms in West Yorkshire, some richer and many poorer than we have described; but there are none too

poor to contain much of interest to the architect. Good examples are the Howroyde, and the Halls of Barkisland, Shibden, Woodsome, and Oakwell, the latter the residence of Shirley in Miss Brontë's novel. Most of the Yorkshire hall-houses fell into decay long ago, and so they yet remain, memorials of a state of things entirely departed, of which they are the truthful interpreters. The modern improver has had a hand in their destruction, no doubt; has cut out their diamond panes to let the light in, and then shrouded them with curtains to shut it out; an agent from Wardour Street has bought up their old furniture; and their only inhabitants now are the poor peasant and his wife, whose children at the earliest dawn toil across the moorland to the nearest mill, there to labour for their daily bread.

And yet they have other inhabitants; but these are not of the flesh; old traditions of their greatness, strange stories of their owners—how they fought for the King, what kind of lives they led, and what manner of deaths they died. And then there is the "silken lady," in hoop and farthingale, who rustles through the house when the autumn winds blow; and the old gentleman, too, in tie-wig, snuff-brown coat, and knee-breeches, who stands at the hall-window when the moonlight falls through its panes upon the floor.

JOHN LEYLAND.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- DIETRICH, K. Hamlet, der Konstel der Vorsehung. Eine Shakespeare-Studie. Hamburg: Nolte. 2 M.
 HALLEN, J. Altpanische Sprichwörter u. sprichwörtliche Redensarten aus der Zeit vor Cervantes, ins Deutsche übers. etc. 1. Thl. Regensburg: Manz. 15 M.
 JAHREBUCH der kunsthistorischen Sammlungen d. allerhöchsten Kaiserhauses. Hrg. unter Leitg. v. F. Grafen Folliot de Crenneville vom k. k. Oberstkämmerer-Amte. 1. Bd. Wien: Holzhausen. 120 M.
 LAPOLLE, A. Le Château de Pau: Histoire et Description. Paris: Morel. 30 fr.
 LEFEBVRE, Ch. Etude sur les Lois constitutionnelles. Paris: Maréq. 6 fr.
 MARIE, A. Une Journée d'Enfant: Compositions inédites. Paris: Launette. 25 fr.
 MILCHHOFFER, A. Die Befreiung d. Prometheus. Ein Fund aus Pergamon. Berlin: Reimer. 2 M. 40 Pf.
 RAMEAU, J. Les Poèmes fantastiques. Paris: Baschet. 30 fr.
 REGAMEY, P. Okoma: Roman japonais illustré. Paris: Pion. 30 fr.
 RUENELIN, G. Die Theilung der Rechte. Freiburg-i-B.: Mohr. 8 M.
 SALOMON, G. Die Statue d. belvederischen u. vaticanischen Apollo. Stockholm: Salomon. 10 Kr.
 SILVERMAN, A. Le Conte de l'Archer. Paris: Lahure. 25 fr.
 THURNER, A. Les Reines du Chant. Paris: Hœniguer. 12 fr.

THEOLOGY.

- LAGARDE, Ph. ds. Die lateinischen Uebersetzungen d. Ignatius. hrg. Göttingen: Dieterich. 6 M.

HISTORY.

- CHRONICON Islebiense. Eisleber Stadt-Chronik aus den J. 1320-1738. Nach der Urschrift hrg. v. H. Gröbler u. F. Sommer. Eisleben: Mähner. 4 M. 50 Pf.
 COMBA, E. Storia della Riforma in Italia. Vol. I. Introduzione. Firenze: G. M.
 GOTTLÖB, A. Karls IV. private u. polit. Beziehung zu Frankreich. Innsbruck: Wagner. 2 M. 50 Pf.
 MAYER, F. M. Die östlichen Alpenländer im Investiturstreit. Innsbruck: Wagner. 4 M. 80 Pf.
 MITTHEILUNGEN aus der Civilständischen Geschichte. 13. Bd. 2. Hft. Riga: Kymmel. 2 M. 40 Pf.
 QUELLEN u. DARSTELLUNGEN zur Geschichte. Niedersachsens. 1. Bd. Hannover: Hahn. 6 M. 40 Pf.
 REGESTA diplomatica historiae danicae. T. 1. Copenhagen: Høst. 5 Kr.
 URKUNDEBUCH der Stadt Lübeck. 7. Thl. 3. u. 4. Lfg. Lübeck: Grunhof. 3 M.
 WEIBULL, M. Gustav II Adolf. Stockholm: Linnström. 4 Kr.
 WILLEMS, P. Le Sénat de la République romaine. T. 2. Les Attributions du Sénat. Louvain. 10 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- ERGENISSE, die wissenschaftlichen, der Vega-Expedition. Hrg. v. A. E. Nordenfjöld. 2. Lfg. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 2 M.
 ISENKRAHE, O. Th. Idealismus od. Realismus. Eine erkenntnistheoret. Studie zur Begründg. d. letzteren. Leipzig: Fleischer. 3 M.
 KELLER, C. Die Fauna im Suez-Kanal u. die Diffusion der mediterranean u. erythraischen Thierwelt. Basel: Georg. 3 M. 20 Pf.
 MONTI, J. G. El último tránsito de Venus. Madrid: Teodoro. 10 R.

PUBLICATIONEN d. k. ethnographischen Museums zu Dresden. II. Jadeit-u. Nephrit-Objecte. A. Amerika u. Europa. Hrg. v. A. B. Meyer. Leipzig: Naumann & Schroeder. 30 M.

REUCHER, H. H. Silurfossilien. Christiania: A. chehoug. 5 Kr. 50 S.

RIVA, Le de la. Etude sur la Projection des Angles courbes sphériques: qui déterminent le Lieu des Planes sur lesquels la Projection d'un Angle est constante. Basel: Georg. 3 M. 20 Pf.

SEMPER, C. Reisen im Archipel der Philippinen. 2. Thl. Wissenschaftliche Resultate. 3. Bd. Landmollusken. 6. Hft. Wiesbaden: Kreidel. 5 M. 60 Pf.

SORBY, J. L., et E. SARASIN. Sur la Polarisation rotatoire du Quartz. Basel: Georg. 2 M. 50 Pf.

PHILOLOGY.

ANCIENS TEXTES PORTUGAIS, publiés par J. Cornu. Paris: Vieweg. 2 fr.

EDON, G. Ecriture et Prononciation du Latin savant et du Latin populaire, et Appendice sur le Chant dit des Frères Arvales. Paris: Belin. 10 fr.

GRIMM, J., u. W. GRIMM. Deutsches Wörterbuch. 6. Bd. 10. Lfg. Mandelkern-Max. Barb. v. M. Heyne. Leipzig: Hirzel. 2 M.

HOMMEL, F. Die semitischen Völker u. Sprachen. II. Die vorsem. Kulturen in Aegypten u. Babylonien. Leipzig: Schulze. 7 M.

RIGVEDA, der, od. die heiligen Hymnen der Brähmanen. Zum 1. Male vollständig ins Deutsche übers., m. Commentar u. Einleitg. v. A. Ludwig. 5. Bd. Leipzig: Freytag. 16 M.

SCHRAEDER, E. Die Keilschriften u. das Alte Testament. Mit e. Beitrage v. P. Haupt. 2. Aufl. Giessen: Ricker. 16 M.

STARKER, P. Symbolae criticae ad M. Tullii Cicerois epistulas. Breslau: Goerlich. 1 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"HOBBS" IN CLOUGH'S "BOTHIE."

Bromley, Kent: Dec. 23, 1882.

In Mr. Morshead's article on Mr. Waddington's book, he says that most people will find Clough, "as Mr. Hutton does, in Adam, not, as Mr. Waddington seems to do mainly, in Hobbes." Mr. Waddington is certainly wrong. Hobbes, "the glory of headers," is G. Ward Hunt, who was afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer and First Lord of the Admiralty. He was a member of the reading-party on which "The Bothie" was founded; and I first saw the poem on the table of his family soon after its publication, where the identity was accepted as beyond doubt.

SAMUEL R. GARDINER.

THE GREAT PYRAMID.

Brankstone House, Kew, Surrey: Dec. 23, 1882.

Miss Edwards accepts so very nearly all that I have endeavoured to establish in my treatise on the Pyramid that it seems to me desirable to state how much that she advances as apparently not agreeing with my views I fully concede. Taking Miss Edwards' numbered objections *seriatim*—

1. Unquestionably each tomb was for one occupant.
2. I attach no importance whatever (though I quote it) to the suggestion that Chaldaean visitors may have suggested the building of the pyramids of Ghizeh, still less to the idea that Abraham had anything to do with the matter. We have recently obtained evidence of intercourse between Chaldaea and Egypt across Palestine at a very remote period; but probably the Egyptian astronomers had little to learn from the Chaldaean.
3. Here Miss Edwards omits to notice the distinction between a horoscope of a king's son planned by the father and such a horoscope planned by the son when himself a king. A rule by which the linear dimensions of a son's horoscope should be less in a certain ratio than the father's would have led to very small pyramid-tombs being made in a few generations. But a king planning a series of pyramids for himself and members of his family not themselves kings would be apt to adopt some such proportions as we see in the pyramids of Ghizeh.
4. I have no opinion as to the relative im-

portance of the horoscopic and tombic uses of a pyramid, except that, as a rule, men think more of this life than of their abode in the tomb. I know Egyptologists regard the tomb as of primary importance, if not all-important, to Egyptians. Yet Egyptians were men, and I suppose this life counted for something with them. Whatever importance the Egyptians attached to their tombs, the horoscopic use of the edifice would be proportionally important, by enhancing the completeness of the dedication of each part of the building to its appropriate astronomical relation.

5. All that is known of ancient astronomy assures us that it was astrology based on star worship, which in some cases was the primary form of religion, in others was only a part of nature worship. No one who considers what astrology meant to men in old times can doubt that it was a part of their religion. Yet it would suffice for all I have sought to show that for some reason—pure zeal for science, if anyone can believe it—the Egyptians were careful astronomical observers.

6. Mariette's words support my view. If a pyramid were only a tomb, its sides might face any way; but that it is more than a mere tomb is shown by the dedication of its faces, "par des raisons mythologiques," to the cardinal points. What those "raisons mythologiques" were is tolerably clear to all who know the nature of astrological superstitions.

7. Find out *why* the Egyptians—kings, rulers, princes, priests, stewards, and so forth—required each a tomb, "une enveloppe extérieure et à jamais impénétrable de la momie," and we shall have learned something much more interesting about them than the mere fact that they did require such tombs, which is obvious.

Mr. Cope Whitehouse's theory seems so extravagant that I would rather object to its fusion with mine, which simply shows that every single feature of the pyramid is such as an astronomer would be almost certain to have given to such a structure built, to begin with, on a certain astronomical plan.

No non-existent pyramids, however great they may have been, can compete in interest with the great pyramid of Khoofoo.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Jan. 1, 5 p.m. London Institution: "Tourists and Travelling in the Early Days of the Roman Empire," by Prof. J. P. Mahaffy.

8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "The Argument from Design in Nature, with Some Illustrations from Plants," by Mr. W. F. James.

TUESDAY, Jan. 2, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Light and the Eye," II., by Prof. Tyndall.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 3, 7 p.m. Society of Arts: Juvenile Lecture, I.

8 p.m. British Archaeological: "The Myth of the Week," by Prof. Hodgkin; "Redstone Hermitage, Worcestershire," by the Rev. J. P. Hastings.

THURSDAY, Jan. 4, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Light and the Eye," IV., by Prof. Tyndall.

7 p.m. London Institution: "Thought-Reading, True and False," by Prof. W. F. Barrett.

FRIDAY, Jan. 5, 8 p.m. Library Association: "The Distribution of Public Documents to Libraries in the United States," by Mr. E. C. Thomas.

8 p.m. Carlyle.

SATURDAY, Jan. 6, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Light and the Eye," V., by Prof. Tyndall.

SCIENCE.

SOME WORKS ON PHONETICS.

Grundzüge der Phonetik. Von Eduard Sievers. (Leipzig: Breitkopf.) This work is a second edition of *Grundzüge der Lautphysiologie*, by the same author, which appeared in 1876 as an introduction to the series of Indo-Germanic Grammars now in progress. It has, however, undergone so much recasting and supplementing as fully to justify its appearance under a new title. The most important feature in the

new edition is the attitude of Sievers towards the English school of phonetics. He says himself, in his Preface, that he has derived but little benefit from the German reviews of his first edition: the reviewers were either too indulgent, passing over the weaker parts of the work, or else approached it with prejudices and demands which it expressly refused to meet. He professes to have learnt all the more from the works of the English-Scandinavian school of phonetics, and admits that even the first edition would have taken a very different form if he had at that time been acquainted with the two works which had laid the foundation of modern phonetics—Bell's *Visible Speech* and Ellis's *Early English Pronunciation*. One cannot but agree with the author that his original principle of giving, as far as possible, only his own results and ideas, unmodified by those of others, had many advantages; but, as he himself says, the consequence was that he sometimes overlooked outside work which had more or less anticipated his own. He instances the theory of "glides," or transition-sounds, on which only a few scanty observations are to be found in his first edition, while the whole subject had been made clear by Bell and Ellis many years before. Hence, also, his retention of the antiquated classification of the vowels by pitch, instead of according to their mode of formation. Sievers complains with reason of the inaccessibility of Bell's works, and states that he would not even now be able to utilise Bell's investigations, had they not been made accessible in Ellis's *Early English Pronunciation*, Storm's *Engelske Filologi*, and my own *Handbook of Phonetics*. He says: "The phonetician who is in earnest about the matter will have to draw mainly from these works as his sources. It is a point of honour for the German school of phonetics to acknowledge this without reserve." He reproaches German phonetic science with having too long ignored the results of "her less loftily theoretical but all the more vigorous daughter." It is hardly, perhaps, correct to say that the present school of English phonetics is the daughter of the German one, for Bell's vowel-system is entirely original; although, on the other hand, every English phonetician will hasten to acknowledge the debt he owes to those German researches (especially in laryngoscopy) which were first made accessible to English readers by Mr. Ellis. With not less readiness will he acknowledge the fitness of the designation "English-Scandinavian" school; for, although the participation of Scandinavia in the more modern phonetic investigations dates from the appearance of Storm's *Engelske Filologi* (1879), that work has contributed more than any other to the minutely accurate physiological determination of the elementary sounds of the chief literary European languages which is now the main aim of practical phonetics. But, while Storm and his young Norwegian pupils accept the English system as a whole, this is not the case in Sweden; and it is hardly correct to class Lundell, Norren, &c., with them. The only Swedish phonetician, as far as I know, who fully accepts the English vowel-system is Dr. Fr. Wulff, of Lund, from whom we may expect good work in Scandinavian and Romance phonetics. The other Swedes, in spite of the lead they have taken in systematic dialectology, still retain a very imperfect and antiquated vowel-system. Sievers states that the only general point of importance in which he differs from the newer school is his negative attitude with regard to the attempt to form a general system of sounds. In this I think he goes too far. It is quite true that the setting up of rigid schemes like Brücke's and Bell's vowel-tables has often a retarding influence; but it is also clear that a mere collection of isolated facts without any common basis of comparison can never constitute a science.

Phoneticians are now coming to recognise generally that the sounds even of a single language cannot be studied scientifically without constant comparison with those of other languages; and these comparisons cannot be carried on or made accessible to others without a general system of notation and terminology, which necessarily imply some general theory of the relation of sounds. The best general system that exists at any one period is nothing else but a stepping-stone, to be discarded for a better one when it has done its work. If the time comes when Bell's vowel-system is no longer a help but a hindrance to progress, it will then be time to seek for a better one on some other principles, and, when we have found such a one, to discard the older one. Sievers expressly disclaims any intention of providing an introduction to general phonetics. His book is an introduction to the study of the phonology of the Indo-Germanic languages; and, being written for philologists, it must necessarily be somewhat conservative in character, especially as regards nomenclature. The chapter on the general principles of sound-change will be especially welcome to this class of readers. The subject is treated in a thoroughly sound and scientific spirit, although an English reader will be apt to consider the author's style as somewhat too abstract. The chapter on the phonetic structure of syllables, words, and sentences deals with the problems of what may be called "higher phonetics," and the views laid down in it are very similar to those in my own paper, "Words, Logic, and Grammar" (*Phil. Soc. Trans.* 1875-76). Sievers adopts the term "sprach-takt" to designate what I call "stress-group." The work abounds with interesting details, into which I cannot enter here. They show such a power of observation as to make us regret that the author's limited opportunities and variety of other pursuits do not allow him to give more detailed investigations of special languages and dialects.

Engelske Philologi. Von Joh. Storm. I.—"Die lebende Sprache." (Heilbronn: Henninger.) We have here a translation (made by the author himself) of *Engelske Filologi*, which appeared in 1879, in Norwegian, and was reviewed at the time in the ACADEMY. In its present form the work has not only been made more generally accessible to English as well as foreign readers generally, but has also been considerably improved and enlarged. The object of the work is to give a guide to the scientific study of English, mainly for young students of philology, but also for wider circles. Storm, like Sievers, is at the same time a scientific philologist and an ardent phonetician, but the spirit in which he brings phonetics to bear on philology is totally different. We see, in Storm's work, how closely akin the Norwegian scientific spirit is to the English. Although the Norwegians partially resemble the Germans in possessing genuine universities and an organised system of scientific training, yet their work distinctly shows the more practical character of that of England; and this is proved most unmistakably in the way in which the results of English phonetics have been taken up by Storm and his young disciples. We can even trace the weak side of the "practical" character in this volume. Of that dilettantism and shallow popularity-hunting which is the curse of English philology there is, it need hardly be said, no trace. Storm's introductory chapters on the general method of studying English,

and on general phonetics, are no doubt destined to exercise a most weighty influence on the practical study not only of English, but also of modern languages generally. The two main articles of his educational creed are—(1) begin with the living language, and work gradually back to the older stages, leaving historical and comparative studies till a solid foundation of facts has been laid; and (2) base the study of pronunciation on a practical mastery of general scientific phonetics. It is a great merit of the book that these principles are brought forward in a sober and cautious way. There is no attempt to sweep away the present system and to set up an ideally perfect one in its place—its general tone is, indeed, almost conservative; while leading the reader up to higher ideals and methods, it shows him how to make the best use of the existing helps. For this purpose Storm gives detailed criticisms of the chief works on general phonetics (this chapter being, in fact, a valuable contribution to the history of the science in its latest stage of development), English pronunciation, lexicography, phraseology, &c. He has chapters on colloquial and vulgar English, which will be full of interest to English readers also. He has collected the material himself for the greater part from novels and other sources, and his treatment of it shows an astonishing command of English in all its stages. The section on American-English, though less original, is equally welcome. That on the language of the eighteenth century, again, is based on original reading. Tudor English, and especially Shakspeare's English, are also treated of fully. From a purely scientific point of view, the most valuable feature of the work is the number of accurate sound comparisons and identifications it contains. Storm has long been regarded in France and Italy as a foremost authority in Romance phonetics; and his minute comparisons of the elementary sounds of English, French, Italian, Spanish, German, and the Scandinavian languages, together with those of several other languages, have contributed as much as anything to give practical phonetics that secure basis which is indispensable for any sound progress. To Storm also is due the credit of being the first foreigner to take account of the work of the English school of phonetics. It was he who first induced me to write the *Handbook of Phonetics*, which, with Storm's own book, has been the means of making Bell's discoveries known on the Continent. Now that Sievers has approximated to the English-Norwegian position, it is to be hoped that the younger generation in Germany will follow his example; and in this way we may hope to see the present isolation of phonetic investigation broken down, for phonetics can never be successfully cultivated except on an international basis.

Bidrag til dansk-norske lydlære. Af K. Brække. (Christiania: Fabritius.) This carefully worked-out analysis of the phonology of Danish-Norwegian as spoken in the East of Norway (especially in Christiania itself) is by one of the most promising of Storm's pupils. It is noteworthy as being the first treatment of a living literary language on a rational phonetic basis by a native. The author got the idea of his essay from my own "Sounds and Forms of Spoken Swedish" (Phil. Soc. Trans. 1877-79), to which he frequently refers. He has completely adopted the English system, and even partially retains Bell's English terminology (with the slight modifications and additions given by me in the *Handbook of Phonetics*), at least as regards the vowels. The work begins with a full analysis of the sounds of the language, which resemble those of Swedish very closely, agreeing with Danish only in features which are common to the Scandinavian languages generally; then comes "sound-representa-

tion" (Lydbetegnelser), in which the different letters and letter-combinations are enumerated, with their various pronunciations; and, lastly, *accent*—both the stress-accent, which Norwegian has in common with other languages, and the peculiar modulative (musical) accent, which is shared only by a few other European languages, notably Swedish and Lithuanian. The pronunciation is consistently expressed throughout in a practical and convenient notation. The only fault I find in it is that the application of the dotted and the crossed *o* is exactly the reverse of that adopted by the Danish phoneticians, which is somewhat confusing. The author has wisely followed Mr. Ellis's plan of enclosing all phonetic writing in parentheses—a practice which saves many misunderstandings. This little work deserves the attention of all who are concerned either with Scandinavian phonology or the practical study of spoken Norwegian. For the latter class of students it is, indeed, indispensable. We hope to meet the author again on some wider field of phonetic research.

HENRY SWEET.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

M. PAUL MARIÉTON is engaged upon an important work, entitled *La Renaissance latine et les Provençaux*, which will give a history of the dialects of Southern France since the crusade against the Albigenses.

M. DE ROSNY has almost ready the fourth and concluding part of his work upon the Decipherment of the Hieratic Writings of South America. His system of interpretation has met with a good deal of criticism.

FRENCH officers have discovered in Tunis, at a village called Henjir-ed-Duamis, several Latin inscriptions which identify it with the Roman colony of Uchitani Majores, mentioned by Pliny (v. 4). The inscriptions are dated from Severus to Constantine.

At the last meeting of the Société asiatique, M. Halévy announced that he had succeeded in deciphering the Thamudite inscriptions brought back from Arabia by M. Huber. The Thamudites are a prehistoric tribe, whose destruction by a divine intervention is recorded in the Koran.

THE Ecole française d'Athènes has lost two of its members by death within three months. This has led to the comment that too much work is expected from the young students on their first arrival in Greece; and the Chamber has immediately voted a larger grant towards their travelling expenses.

It is proposed to found a Chair of Catalan at the University of Barcelona.

DR. VON BÄHDER, of Leipzig, has published a new edition of Hoffmann's *Grundriss der deutschen Philologie* (Paderborn: Schöningh, xvi.—456), of which the first edition appeared in 1836. He follows, on the whole, Hoffmann's arrangement, but has made several alterations and additions. He has confined himself in "Literature" to Old-High-German and Middle-High-German; on the other hand, he has added two highly important chapters, "Volkskunde" and "Altertümern," covering nearly one hundred pages, and has included the Dutch language throughout, although the information which he gives on this branch is not very full—we miss, among others, F. C. Donders' *De Physiologie der Spraakklinken*, &c. (Utrecht; 1870). Dr. von Bähder's references to the more important articles in periodicals are especially valuable to the student; yet, to take one subject—viz., folk-etymology (p. 135)—we looked in vain for Fürstmann's second paper in Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, vol. xxiii., and O. Weisse's contributions to the question in the *Zeitschrift für Völkerpsychologie*, &c., vols. xii. and xiii. A

few other books seem to have escaped his notice, such as Engelien's *Grammatik der neuhochdeutschen Sprache* in § 44, and Laubert's *Die französischen Fremdwörter in unserm heutigen Verkehr* in § 75, &c.; and No. 1649 might, with advantage, be transferred to § 52. But these are minor points. Every student of German philology will welcome this new edition.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF SCOTLAND.—
(Monday, Dec. 11.)

DR. ARTHUR MITCHELL, V.-P., in the Chair.—The first paper read was "An Examination of the Newton Stone Inscription, Aberdeenshire," by the Earl of Southesk. The Newton Stone has been known to antiquaries for seventy years, and yet its double inscriptions have not been satisfactorily read. Through the kindness of Mr. Gordon, the proprietor of the estate on which it stands, the Earl of Southesk had enjoyed ample opportunities of studying the monument, and he had also had the advantage of photographs taken from new points of view. After an elaborate investigation of both inscriptions, letter by letter, he came to the conclusion that the Ogham inscription answered to the first part of the literal inscription only; that both these were renderings in a Celtic dialect of a brief sepulchral formula; but that the concluding part of the literal inscription was mythological—a religious invocation. The characters in which it was written were analogous to the Greek letters written by Irish scribes in such early Irish MSS. as the Book of Kells. The rendering of the inscription which was the result of his investigation in some respects closely agreed with that of the late Mr. Braas, and made it commemorative of "Eddi, daughter of Forrar, of the race of Jose," the last word being equivalent to Huan, the solar god, who was the same as Dionysius and Bacchus. The Ogham part of the inscription, he thought, was for the priests, and the other part for those initiated in the mysteries.—The second paper, by Dr. Daniel Wilson, was "A Notice of the Runic Inscriptions in St. Mollo's Cave, Holy Island, Argyshire." After referring to the interest excited by the discovery of the remarkable series of Runic inscriptions carved on the interior walls of Maeshow, in Orkney, Dr. Wilson remarked that the series in St. Mollo's Cave, though fewer in number, were specially interesting as being, in his opinion, memorials of some of those who were engaged in the memorable Battle of Largs. The roof and sides of the cave are covered with rude marks, crosses, monograms, and other carvings of different periods, and among these are several inscriptions in Runic, which were copied and deciphered by Dr. Wilson in 1850 and 1863. They consist chiefly of the names of individuals, with the addition of the formula "carried this," but one seems to be of a satirical description. Dr. Wilson devoted part of his paper to a critical examination of the style and lettering of the inscriptions, and concluded with a description of St. Mollo's chair, or stone bench, a projection in the cave thus named, which recalls many other memorials of early Celtic saints of a like kind, which he instanced and described. He also called attention to the fact that the cave has attracted the attention of visitors, and that some of its interesting inscriptions have already been defaced.—The third paper was "A Notice of the Battle of Glenshiel, June 10, 1719," by Mr. Alex. H. Millar. While collecting materials for his history of Rob Roy, Mr. Millar had discovered among the MSS. of the Duke of Marlborough a plan of the battle by Lieut. John Bastide, which gave not only the disposition of the Jacobite and Hanoverian forces, but also detailed with great fullness the different movements of the troops on both sides. A tracing from this plan was exhibited, and by reference to it Mr. Millar was enabled to present a clear and detailed account of the conflict, of which so little was known that the most recent accounts given by the historians are brief and imperfect.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—(Monday, Dec. 18.)

SIR BARTLE FRERE, BART., President, in the Chair.—Mr. Arthur Lillie read a paper on "The Buddhism

of Ceylon," in which he combated the idea advanced by a section of writers, headed by Dr. Rhys Davids, that the ancient books of Ceylon teach nothing but annihilation, non-existence of the soul, and Atheism. He cited the *Tevigga Sutta*, in which Buddha is questioned on the subject of that union with Brahma which it was the great object of the Brahmin ascetic, in Buddha's day, to gain. Buddha, instead of answering that the Supreme Brahma is non-existent, and that those who sought union with him were unwise, proclaimed distinctly the contrary proposition. Mr. Lillie then urged that the charges of annihilation, &c., brought against Buddha by Dr. Rhys Davids were founded on an erroneous reading of the Buddhist ideas about *Karma* and the *Skandas*; these, he stated, cease not on the death of the individual, but on his attaining spiritual awakening. A passage in the *Brahma jñāna Sutta* much relied on by Dr. Davids was then compared with its context, and it was shown that the doctrine of the annihilation of human beings was pronounced no less heretical than that of future conscious existence. Mr. Lillie, in conclusion, expressed the opinion that the Northern and Southern systems should be compared together, as by these means alone could the archaic and true Buddhism be detached from its later accretions.

FINE ART.

NOW ON VIEW.—BEAUTIES OF SURREY SCENERY, being an EXHIBITION of Mr. SUTTON PALMER'S SKETCHES and DRAWINGS made this past Summer.—MESSRS. DOWDERSWELL, 133, NEW BOND STREET (two doors from the Grosvenor Gallery).

In MARCH NEXT Messrs. DOWDERSWELL will exhibit Mr. BIRKET FOSTER'S DRAWINGS of the CATHEDRAL CITIES of ENGLAND and WALES, which it is proposed shall be engraved.—Particulars on application.

GRAND SALE OF PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravings, Chromos, and Olographs), handsomely framed. Everyone about to purchase pictures should pay a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents.—GEO. REES, 115, Strand, near Waterloo-bridge.

Japan: its Architecture, Art, and Art Manufactures. By Christopher Dresser. (Longmans.)

THIS book is a notable instance of the danger of delay in publishing. Had it appeared some two or three years ago, it would have been a much more substantial addition to our knowledge of Japan and its art. Dr. Dresser arrived in Japan on December 26, 1876, and might easily have expanded and published his notes of travel before the world had read what Miss Bird, Sir E. J. Reed, Mr. Dixon, and many more had to say on the subject. He might have had the start of the second edition of Audsley and Bowes; of the native report on Japanese pottery edited by Mr. Franks; of Mr. Cutler's splendid volume; not to mention many another work by which our knowledge of Japan and its arts has been largely increased of late years. As it is, though his volume is not without interest, it contains very little that is new.

Moreover, the book is not without signs that the delay has been injurious to its literary quality. It seems to be written rather as a task than a pleasure, as though the responsibility of the author's exceptional advantages compelled him to throw his materials into book form when he would rather have let them slumber in his notebook. We fear that this sense of effort is partly due to the "long and painful illness" of which he speaks in his Preface; but it is impossible not to feel that the book would have been much more lively if he had written it while his memory was warm.

The first portion is occupied with an account of four months spent by him in Japan; the second deals with arts and art manufactures. As the bearer of presents

from some leading firms in England to the Japanese Government, he was very well received, and had exceptional opportunities afforded him for studying both ancient and modern Japanese art. He had the honour of a reception by the Mikado, and had two Japanese gentlemen told off to conduct him about the country. He enjoyed unusual experiences of real Japanese hospitality, and was even privileged on one occasion to eat slices of a live fish that was still gasping on the table. He saw strange dances and stranger processions. He was not only allowed to see, but to examine and handle, the Mikado's famous collection of curiosities at Nara. Sacred precincts forbidden to foreigners were open to him; he was allowed to partake of what he calls the "Shinto sacrament," and was a guest at one of the celebrated select tea-ceremonies. An entertainment was arranged for his benefit at which some of the most skilful Japanese artists made drawings in the presence of himself and other illustrious guests. He saw, and evidently studied, workmen of various kinds while employed at their labour; and of potteries he visited no less than sixty-eight.

Dr. Dresser is well known as a gentleman of considerable experience both artistic and commercial, and as an ardent and successful collector, so that altogether we had a fair reason to expect a volume of no ordinary interest. It may be that our expectations were too high, or that Dr. Dresser has not done justice to himself; but in either case the result of his some years' gestation and some months' production is disappointing. Dr. Dresser himself seems to have little confidence in his power of description, for he evades as often as he can the task of putting into words his impressions of the scenery he passed through and the sights he saw. He tells us of his wonder and delight, how such a thing exceeded even his dreams, and how he never saw anything like something else; and often, after arousing our curiosity, he puts us off by saying that a view reminds him of one he saw at Salt Lake City or some other place where comparatively few persons have ever been. Of details which we should not miss he is prodigal. When, for instance, he takes us to Nikkō, we learn how he turned to the right or the left, followed the course of a stream and went up a hill and had a glorious walk. But when we get to the temple we are told that, "in dealing with a shrine like that of Nikkō, words are altogether inadequate;" and the famous carvings are thus described:—

"Birds, flowers, clouds, water, and animals are cut with a boldness which the finest of European carvers could scarcely equal. I doubt, indeed, whether we have in Europe any artists who could arrange such compositions with half the vigour exhibited in these panels."

In describing the temple at Shiba he is still more indefinite and still more enthusiastic. But even a panegyric like that we are about to quote only tantalises our sight while it raises very serious doubts as to the soundness of the author's taste and judgment in matters of art.

"The impression which I now receive upon first beholding the magnificent temples and shrines standing before me as we step from our carriage is most delightful. Buildings so rich in colour,

so beautiful in detail, so striking in symbolism, I have never before seen, or even dreamt of. Had a Gibbons been employed on the wood-carvings, had the colourist of the Alhambra done his utmost to add to forms, which in themselves are almost perfect, a new charm through the addition of pigments, and were the whole of such details subordinated to fitting places in a vast architectural edifice by the architects of the Parthenon, no more worthy effect could be produced than that of the buildings on which my eyes now rest."

It must not, however, be supposed that Dr. Dresser never attempts to give positive information about the temples of Japan. He is, for instance, very anxious that we should know not only the buildings that at present constitute the temple at Nara, but the changes that have been caused by fire and reconstruction; and this is what he tells us:—

"Originally the garan or complete temple (or, as we should say, group of temples) consisted of a number of buildings, one of which was the main temple or *kon-do*, one a pagoda or *tō*, one the eating-house or *shoku-do*, one the lecture-room or *saidō*, and one the bath-house or *yūya*. Some of these have been destroyed by fire, while one, the southern round temple or *nanyen-do*, has been rebuilt. From time to time buildings have been added, and if the whole were now standing they would consist of a pagoda or *tō*, a southern round temple or *nanyen-do*, an eastern golden temple or *tokin-do*, a western golden temple or *saikin-do*, a chief temple or *kon-do*, a lecture-room or *kyō-do*, a northern round temple or *hokuyen-do*, a bath-house or *yūya*, a building termed an anteroom or *hosodono*, and a refreshment-house called *shoku-do*; but of these all that now remain are the pagoda, the eastern golden temple, the northern round temple, and the southern round temple which has been rebuilt, but the three old buildings which still remain have been in existence about twelve hundred years."

Dr. Dresser was commissioned by the Japanese Government to make a report on Japanese commerce with Europe, and he devotes a chapter to the mistakes made in translating it into Japanese. If his report was written in the same style as his travels, these blunders are not extraordinary. At the same time, it would not be fair to condemn Dr. Dresser's book on account of its style or its failure in picturesque narrative. When he is describing processes of manufacture or specimens of art, he has often something to tell us, and tells it intelligibly, if not with much literary skill. Perhaps the freshest and best-written passages in the book are those which contain an account of that meeting of Japanese artists which we have already mentioned. How a young man made a drawing of a flying duck, and a middle-aged man another of a train of rats, is very clearly described, and with much graphic power, as the following extract will show:—

"A brush of considerable breadth was dipped in water, and drawn between the fingers of the artist till nearly dry. It was then dipped in a thin wash of Indian ink, the central portion of the brush being bent outwards, so that the hairs of the brush assumed a crescent-like form. The convex or centre portion was now hastily dipped into dark Indian ink, and the brush allowed to straighten itself. Two or three hairs were now separated from one side, and dipped into dark ink, but these remained detached from the other part of the brush. By a dexterous movement the artist produced with one stroke the shaded body of the duck and an outline,

the few separate hairs making the latter, while the shading resulted from the darker ink of the centre not having fully spread to the sides of the brush. A bill is now drawn, then feet, and then tail-feathers. An eye is added, then follow a neck, legs, and a few finishing touches, when an admirable sketch of a flying duck is before us."

A few nuggets like these may here and there be picked out of the book, especially in the latter half, which is devoted to the arts and manufactures. The description of the way fabrics are figured is so good and interesting that we should like to quote it, but the relative proportions of good and bad writing in Dr. Dresser's book are, we think, generously represented by the extracts we have already given. Even in regard to arts and manufactures we are as frequently surprised by the *naïveté* of his discoveries as we are by the poverty of his reflections. The profound consideration which he gives to the connexion between the religion and art of the country results in nothing more than tracing excellence of work to Shinto and love of Nature to Buddhism. And we are expected to be surprised at the fact that hardness is a test of the quality of lacquer. The mention of "storks" as a favourite object of Japanese art and some other little mistakes of the kind seem to prove that Dr. Dresser's knowledge of Japan and its arts is discursive rather than thorough.

The book is well printed and prettily bound, and the illustrations are excellent; some of them, especially those of the temples and their complicated bracketings, are not only beautiful, but give us a better idea of the general appearance and peculiar structure of Japanese architecture than any we have seen.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE BOOLAK MUSEUM.

Most of the old rooms, now entirely re-arranged, and one of the large new *salles* containing upwards of five hundred stelae and statues, are now open to the public of Cairo; and there is every reason to hope that the whole building will be ready by the beginning of next year. The new rooms will contain only new objects, including, of course, some thousands of relics from the famous tomb at Dayr-el-Baharee. One hall, devoted entirely to masterpieces of art of the Graeco-Roman and Byzantine periods, is so nearly completed that by this time it is probably already on view. The "Salle funéraire" will contain more than forty sarcophagi and mummy cases. The Hall of the Royal Mummies is painted, panelled, and so far advanced that the last touches of varnish are being laid on. In a day or two it will be ready for exhibition. Meanwhile, carpenters and glaziers are busy finishing glass cases, putting up shelves, and arranging hangings; while Prof. Maspero, hard at work from morning till night, is cataloguing, ticketing, designing, superintending, and putting his hand to everything with an energy that knows neither rest nor fatigue. The additions which (despite difficulties, dangers, rebellion, and war) have been made to the building since the great discovery of 1881 are equal in extent to the whole of the former structure; so that the amount of exhibition space is actually doubled, and the warehouses, wherein for years have been stored thousands of objects which it was found impossible to display to the public, are now emptied of their contents.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

GLASGOW LOAN EXHIBITION OF ITALIAN ART.

A VERY interesting loan collection has been brought together by the Parks and Galleries Committee of the Corporation of Glasgow, with the liberal co-operation of many private owners. This committee has already done much by exhibitions like the present and in other ways to foster a love of art in the West of Scotland; and it has recently decided upon a scheme which will result in extended usefulness—the acquisition, namely, of property adjacent to its present premises, for the erection thereon, at a cost of about £200,000, of commodious buildings for a museum, library, galleries, and school of art.

No doubt some incitement towards this worthy undertaking is due to the recent report of Mr. J. C. Robinson, which pronounced so authoritatively on the great artistic value of the works by ancient masters contained in the Graham-Gilbert and McLellan bequest collections, which have for years been under the charge of the committee. The walls of the galleries that contain the present exhibition are hung with a selection from these paintings, which, supplemented by a series of Braun's excellent photographs and some thirty water-colours executed by Herr Stohl for the late Empress of Russia, represent Italian art on its purely pictorial side; while the work of the Southern engravers is displayed in selections from the portfolios of the Duke of Buccleuch and in reproductions presented by the British Museum. The department of graphic art is completed by a noble series of fifty drawings, lent by Mr. Malcolm of Poltalloch, including such well-known examples as the "Abundance" of Botticelli and the splendidly passionate profile "Bust of a Warrior" by Leonardo.

When opening the exhibition, Lord Balfour of Burleigh made some excellent remarks as to the good influence which the examples of decorative art contained in the rooms might have on the craftsmen of our time. But perhaps the most obvious and immediate effect of the display will be to impress on the picture-buyers of Glasgow a sense of the unity and completeness of the art-life of old Italy, and to lead them to consider that, if art is to be real and vital, it must not be a local thing—the culture of a mere corner of our nature; that we must look for and recognise beauty, not only in squares of coloured canvas, but in every adjunct of our daily life. Turning from the paintings to the examples of art more or less strictly decorative, we find that here, too, "love is still at work with the artificer, Throughout his quaint devising;" that the men who designed the garments and armour which the Italians wore, the cofferers that held their household linen, the plates and cups from which they ate and drank, were artists no less truly than those who embodied their dreams of heaven and recorded the faces of their heroes. The collection is rich in examples of arms and armour, including the so-called "Cellini" shield sent from Windsor, and a singularly fine helmet with oreilletes attached, the property of Sir Robert Hay. From an educative point of view—educative so far as art is concerned—the preponderance of late Renaissance examples is to be regretted. With all their ornate richness, they are too often overloaded and tasteless; the production of a luxurious and decadent period, they are suggestive of foolish pageants rather than of the stress and storm of noble war, and contrast painfully with the exquisite modelling and chaste reticence of line and curvature characteristic of Gothic armour. From the collection of Mr. W. E. Gladstone comes a valuable series of ivory-carvings, and a case of brooches and pendant ornaments—lovely fantasies of the goldsmith expressed in the most delicate division of precious filigree and the fair

colours of varied enamels. In the same room are numerous examples of old bronzes, and near them—as though to prove the decay of Italian design in metal and its present pretentiousness—is placed the "Helicon Vase" of Morel-Ladenil. Among the cofferers are admirable examples of ivory inlaid on wood, and a chest of brass lent by the Marquis of Lothian, with tempera-painted panels introduced on the sides, the largest representing a triumph, with the victors borne along under golden canopies and attended by dainty boy-riders, which recall the processions that Gozzoli delighted in. The specimens of lace, vestments, and majolica are all worthy of examination; and the musical instruments sent from South Kensington include a most curious and *bizarre* spinnet, with blue and white keys and decorated with many-coloured adornments of the spun and moulded glass-work of Murano—said to have been made for the Queen of Bohemia who was daughter of James I. Finally, we have to mention that Mr. J. C. Robinson has lent his superb and well-known collection of Italian medals—some of them, we observe, such as the "Malatesta Novello" of Pisano, being finer and better preserved impressions than those in the national collection. They will for the first time introduce the public of Glasgow to the noble medallist art of Italy, while the smaller, but very interesting, collection of Sir Wm. Fettes Douglas is doing a similar service at the Science and Art Museum in Edinburgh.

The exhibition may be pronounced to be the finest yet held out of London, and one whose educative influence it is almost impossible to over-estimate. J. M. GRAY.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

PROF. C. T. NEWTON will begin on Friday next, January 5, a course of five lectures at University College, London, on "Greek Myths as illustrated by Ancient Paintings and Other Monuments." This first lecture will be open to the public without payment or ticket. Prof. Newton also purposes to give a third course next term on "The Useful and Decorative Arts of the Greeks and Romans."

The *Great Historic Galleries* will, to the regret of many, not appear in January or February 1883, but the reasons are good. In the first place it is now to be published quarterly instead of monthly; and, in the second, delay has been caused by the perfection of a new process of photography, which is to be used in future. It is said to be like *photogravure*—only better. The prints will be pressed off on thick drawing-paper in sepia or Indian ink. If the new illustrations are only as good as the old ones, this will be a great improvement, for mounted photographs always warp and cockle when bound, even when they do not peel off their cards.

THE Messrs. Blackwood have just issued *The Gladstone A B C*, a political squib, with illustrations apparently designed by Mr. G. R. Halkett, the draughtsman of the previously published and singularly popular *Gleanings from Gladstone*. It is with the art, not with the politics, of the brochure that we are concerned; and in this respect such of the subjects as "Independence" and "Reform" show a marked advance on the artist's previous work, while the "Nemesis" and the "Revolution" are marked by a touch of tragic power such as is not infrequent with caricaturists—as witness some work by both Leech and Cruikshank—and which might find a more worthy field for its display than the dusty and disturbed one of party politics.

FOR some months past the Athenian Archaeo-

logical Society, with the support of the Greek Government, have been excavating on the site of Eleusis. Up to the present the results have been disappointing, consisting only of a few statues, vases, and coins of little value, and about forty inscriptions, mostly mutilated.

THE second number of the *Journal* of the National Society for Preserving the Memorials of the Dead (W. Reeves) contains details about many monuments in churches which are almost past preservation. The secretary of this most deserving society is Mr. W. Vincent, Belle Vue Rise, Norwich.

MR. MORAN is one of the most original and thoroughly national artists that America has produced, and his etchings are characterised no less by suggestiveness of light and space than by ready seizure of landscape character. That given in the thirteenth number of *American Etchings* is quite representative, and gives that interest to the meagre country at "Three Mile Harbour, L.I.," which can only be seen by an artist, and expressed by rare skill in selection of line.

THE Japanese collection of Dr. Gierke, which we have before noticed as forming the greater portion of the recent Japanese exhibition in Berlin, has been purchased by the Berlin Museum for the sum of £1,800.

THE *Revue critique* does not altogether welcome the newly founded Ecole du Louvre. It complains—and with some appearance of justice—first, that the new courses of lectures will be to some extent rivals of those already delivered at the Collège de France and the Ecole des Hautes Etudes; second, that the money at the disposal of the Department of Fine Art would have been better expended in rendering more efficient the regular work of the museums; and last, that what is really wanted in the cause of learning is the consolidation of all the schools scattered about Paris into one organised university. In London, despite the good work done by University College, we have not yet got even the scattered schools.

DR. SCHLIEMANN has published, with Brockhaus, of Leipzig, a catalogue of the contents of the Polytechnic Museum at Athens. These consist of the treasures from Mycenae (numbering 701 objects), and what has more recently been found on the site of the Heraion at Argos, at Spata, Nauplia, Menidi, and a few other places.

THE Swiss are not a little proud of boasting that two of the best masters of modern line-engraving, Friedrich Weber, of Basel, and Johannes Burger, of Burg, in Aargau, though popularly reckoned as Germans, are really Switzers. Weber died last spring, but Burger is still living in Munich. Both artists have devoted themselves to the reproduction of the works of Raphael. Weber's noble rendering of the "Vierge au Linge" is well known in England. Burger has completed an engraving of the still more famous "Madonna della Sedia" of Florence. Prof. W. Lubke, in a notice of Weber's work, gives it the preference over the previous reproductions by R. Marpfen, Calamatta, Schaffer, Mandel, and others. "It will doubtless be asked," says Dr. Lubke,

"whether a new copy of this Madonna was not an artistic superfluity. But the very first glance at Burger's work will convince the expert that he has before him one of the very noblest products of the modern graver, which will not merely endure comparison with all its foregoers, but carry away the palm from them all."

Burger has chosen a larger size for his reproduction than his predecessors, not excluding Schaffer, whose engraving is thirty-seven centimètres in diameter. The new "Madonna della Sedia," says Dr. Lubke,

"is without doubt the masterpiece of Burger, and

will secure him a place of honour among the very first engravers of our time. The fidelity and force of his drawing, the sovereign freedom with which he uses and governs all the technical aids of his art, and the power with which he has transferred to his plate the effects of enamel and colour unite to produce a completeness such as is rarely attained."

HERR E. A. SEEMANN, of Leipzig, has published "A Poem in Six Songs" by R. Hamerling, called *Cupid and Psyche*. This is charmingly illustrated with fanciful designs by P. Thumann, and forms one of the prettiest German gift-book of the season.

THE new volume in the series of the "Grands Maitres de l'Art" (published by Quantin) is *Jean Bologne*. This great sculptor of the sixteenth century, though better known by his Italian name of Giovanni da Bologna, was born at Douai, in France. The writer of the present book is M. Abel Desjardins, dean of the faculty of letters at Douai; and the materials upon which it is mainly based were collected by the late Fouques de Vagnonville, a rich amateur of Douai, who bequeathed his gallery of pictures to his native town.

M. HENRY HOUSSAYE has collected into a volume—*L'Art français depuis Dix Ans*—the articles on the Salon which he contributed to the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, with an Introduction dealing generally with the most notable of the painters and sculptors.

THE STAGE.

THE PERFORMANCE OF "THE RIVALS."

IF the present revival of "The Rivals" at the Vaudeville were an attraction of a moment it might be necessary to apologise to the readers of the ACADEMY for being a week or two late in noticing it; but it is one of the most complete things done recently on the stage, and it will be an attraction for a long time to come. Indeed, it is likely to attain little short of that share of public favour which fell to the lot of the famous revival of "The School for Scandal" at the same theatre about eleven years ago, when Mr. Farren, now an incomparable Sir Anthony Absolute, was an incomparable Sir Peter Teazle, and when one of the most delightful and unassuming personalities of the modern theatre—Miss Amy Fawcett—revealed for the first time a talent fated to charm, but never destined to mature. The present revival of "The Rivals" is a quite worthy companion to that other revival of which I have spoken, though it may be that in the future history of the stage its place will be less distinguished; but this will only be because, during the last half-score years, the conditions and circumstances of the English theatre have changed—we have grown more exacting, we have grown more accustomed to have things decently and in order. We have passed from the upholstery of the Tottenham Court Road to the upholstery of the *bric-à-brac* shops, and from the upholstery of the *bric-à-brac* shops we have gone on to demand some completeness in the cast.

One of the most remarkable features of the present performance is the Mrs. Malaprop of Mrs. Stirling. Enacted with the authority with which Mrs. Stirling endows it, the part becomes not only a leading character as far as the women are concerned, but one of the principal personages of the play. Nothing can be sunnier or more genial, more accomplished or more shrewd, than the char-

acter as Mrs. Stirling portrays it. You feel so distinctly the cleverness of the character and its charm that the "derangement of epithets" which has become proverbial is accounted an accident, and Mrs. Malaprop's is a case in which pure brain power supplies the deficiencies of a wretched education. If Mrs. Malaprop was not born to be correct, she was born to be a lady, and nothing on earth can prevent such a woman from being influential in her world, wherever that world may be. Mr. William Farren's Sir Anthony is as thorough as an old-world picture, and Gainsborough's brush might have been fittingly employed in recording a bearing so dignified and emotions so profoundly natural. Mr. Henry Neville, too, adapts himself most skilfully to the part of Captain Absolute. An unwonted air of lightness—an air of genial comedy—attends upon his performance. Mr. Frank Archer, quiet, studious, painstaking actor as he is, was not made for Falkland—but was anybody ever made for Falkland since sentimentality ceased to be the fashion? Mr. Thorne is perfectly good as Bob Acres. Without being farcical he is funny, and something of an eighteenth-century squire while yet not wholly a boor. There is accomplishment in his roughness, and in his grotesqueness finish. The performance of Sir Lucius O'Trigger brings very much to the front a capable actor often relegated to the second rank. I am speaking of Mr. John Maclean, the wide range of whose artistic intelligence does not place within his control the sources of deep emotion or of exuberant merriment. Thus Mr. Maclean is very much accustomed to contribute his full share to the perfection of an *ensemble*, while but little adapted, apparently, to be the sole or chief occasion for one's visit to the theatre. Sir Lucius O'Trigger, however, gives him a somewhat rare opportunity of prominent display in a part wholly within his means—a part full of Irish humour and mild and engaging cynicism—a part that he acts with a completeness, a neatness, a discretion, and, to be brief, a success which it would be impossible to surpass. The smaller male characters are in their way well played. It was Sheridan, and not John Leech, who first discovered the impertinent self-importance of the pampered English menial; and Fag in "The Rivals" is a proof of the discovery.

As yet nothing has been said of the ladies, save of Mrs. Stirling, whose Mrs. Malaprop is so remarkable. Yet the ladies all deserve well of the public; and a wise selection has fitted each part with its proper representative. It may be dull for the reader, but it must be pleasant for the intending spectator, that we are reduced to a monotony of praise. Every one knows that the strength of "The Rivals" is not in its female parts; but, that being allowed, it must be admitted that little could be better than the present performance of those parts, whose deficiency in absorbing interest is yet of course sufficiently apparent. Miss Winifred Emery is as elegant and as bright as could be desired in Lydia Languish; nor is the girlish wilfulness of the character suffered to be overlooked. Miss Alma Murray, aided by excisions of a very liberal kind, makes it possible to believe in the reality of Julia. That something of her sentimental

utterance is cut out is indeed an advantage. The unconscious pertness of the confidential waiting-maid, and the low standard of her facile morality, are appreciated at their proper value by Miss Kate Phillips, almost the only *soubrette* of authority now on the English stage. The performance, then, is satisfactory from beginning to end. Of course "The Rivals" does not demand—nay, can hardly permit—the exhibition of genius. It calls, however, for an abundant display of the often more agreeable quality of charm.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

AMONG the theatrical events of the present week, the production of the Pantomimes may stand first, even though at the Globe Theatre Mrs. Bernard Beere has given us nothing less important than an adaptation of "Jane Eyre" (admirably performed by herself and Mrs. Kelly, and other actors), the result of the literary labours of an elegant playwright, Mr. W. G. Wills. For the moment, however, Pantomime invites attention. Pending the opening of the Pandora in Leicester Square, the management of that playhouse has taken Her Majesty's, and produced the "Yellow Dwarf." At the Avenue, where light operatic music, and the exertions of M. Marius and Miss St. John, assume a subordinate place during the Christmas season, there is a Pantomime for children by children—several scores of little people being engaged in the piece, in all posts, from those of principals to those of supers. But it is at Drury Lane that Pantomime asserts itself with the greatest success. It is firmly housed there, and will be housed there till March. Mr. Augustus Harris is a model manager, when it is a question of producing the Christmas annual. He is equally lavish of labour and of money; and well-directed labour and well-spent money ensure the triumph of Pantomime. This year the piece is "Sindbad the Sailor;" and the author, we are glad to say, is again Mr. E. L. Blanchard, who has written Drury Lane Pantomimes' all through one generation. Probably no one in London knows the business quite so well, or does it so adroitly. As familiar with the stage as with the palms of his own hands—if the French phrase be allowed us—he knows how to accommodate his literature to the exigencies of theatre and company, and, while doing so, still to be literary. Generally, too, Mr. Blanchard sets to such of his brethren as write Pantomimes the excellent example of keeping pretty close to the original story. This year, it is true, the demands of the varied show may have led him farther afield than has been his wont. Still, Sindbad's tale is, in the main, told. Of the characters, and their performers, we must speak but briefly. Mr. Harry Parker plays the Old Man of the Sea; Mr. Harry Jackson the Uncle of Fatinitza, and, in the great procession, which is the chief of the interpolated scenes, he represents Napoleon Bonaparte, with no speech, but with appropriate action—his extraordinary likeness to that strategist having doubtless prompted the impersonation. Mr. Fawn appears as a "female cook." The only cook quite welcome on the stage would be the cook of Molière in "L'Avare"—unless it be the cook of Disraeli in *Tancred*. Arthur Roberts plays Sindbad's Servant, and Mr. H. Nicholls the Father of a Young Khedive. Sindbad is represented by Miss Nelly Power, with infinite *bonhomie*, and all the old vivacity. Miss Constance Loseby, a vocalist of position, plays Fatinitza; and the other women's parts are well filled. But now, of the show proper. Nothing

better has been done, even under the recent experience of a management extraordinarily enterprising in spectacle. The scenery, painted by some of the best English scene-painters, and by at least one of the best in Vienna, is not only striking and ingenious, it is often sufficiently artistic. There is, in particular, a panorama of changes of hour, as well as of scene, at sea, while Sindbad is on the waters, which is quite a unique thing. The ill-fated Alhambra was famous for its dances, but we never saw a prettier dance in that popular resort than the Rose-dance now at Drury Lane. Mdlle. Zanfretta is a good principal, and in "Luna" and "Stella" there is real grace. But it is not so much in the single dances as in the action and costume of the *corps de ballet* that the success is most marked. Very dignified people, indeed, will no doubt find that the Transformation scene is a trivial affair; but it is surprisingly ingenious and well contrived, and welcome enough to those of us who are not too exalted to enjoy the pleasures of the eye in line and hue. No doubt the comic business is funny as well as noisy, for "Sindbad" from beginning to end is a success, and into this one establishment, Drury Lane, there are concentrated the resources that used to be scattered over half-a-dozen.

MR. REECE'S long after-piece, "Valentine and Orson"—an after-piece with which, on the first night of its production, the evening was begun and ended—is, save for the unlimited occasion it affords for the display of the attractions peculiar to the theatre, much less worth seeing than the recent performances of "The Critic" at the same house. No one would pretend that "The Critic" has been done at the Gaiety as "The Rivals" has been done at the Vaudeville, but then "The Critic" is itself in great measure a burlesque, in which the lines of true comedy are over-past, and Mr. Hollingshead doubtless felt free to go farther in the path of burlesque than even the author had intended. His company, who do not know how to be serious, knew how to be diverting; Mr. E. J. Henley gave an observant study of character as Sir Fretful Plagiary—there was more of comedy in his performance than in anybody else's in the cast; Mr. Edward Terry made the accustomed and acceptable show of his quaint humour in Don Whiskerandos; Miss Gilchrist was the First Niece; and Miss Farren was as spirited as ever in the part of Tilburina. To the frequenters of the Gaiety, old comedy may be a pill which would be resented in comparison with the toothsome draught that can be concocted by the producers of modern burlesque, but they must do Mr. Hollingshead the justice to admit that when he gives the pill he gives it silvered. The recent performances of "The Critic" cannot have put too severe a mental strain upon even the limpest of loungers in that theatre where the audience is the idlest if, as we have so often been assured, the company is the very busiest in London.

WE hear that M. Sardou's newest play, despite the marvellous acting of Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt and the excellent performance of M. Berton, is not found so attractive as it was expected to be. "Le Roi s'amuse" of Victor Hugo, again, though it may have been a political success, was an artistic failure. Altogether the French stage is not exactly "looking up." The greatest living writers who write for it, Emile Augier, Sardou, and Dumas, have, of course, already done the greater part of their work. Sardou, the youngest of them, is a fully middle-aged man, and there is not one of the three whose literary position is better to-day than it was ten years ago. And who is to succeed these three to-morrow? Where are the young French dramatists of serious talent—the men with the capacity for a career?

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

AT the last Saturday Popular Concert before Christmas Mdlle. Haas made her second appearance, and performed Chopin's *barcarolle* in F sharp (op. 60). On December 11 she chose this composer's impromptu in the same key. Her mechanism is excellent, her style unaffected; and the pieces were interpreted in a clear and intelligent manner. Yet she scarcely rendered full justice to the tender beauty, poetry, and passion of the Polish pianist's music. We must, however, state that on both occasions she was well received, and, according to "Popular Concert" custom, encored. The programme last Saturday included Beethoven's septett, which was magnificently played by Messrs. Joachim, Hollander, Lazarus, Wendtland, Wotton, Reynolds, and Piatti. A thirty-sixth performance at these concerts says much for the undiminished popularity of this work. Mendelssohn's beautiful *andante* and *scherzo* (fragments from an unfinished quartett) were admirably performed. Herr Joachim and Mdlle. Haas played with much finish and brilliancy four numbers from the Joachim and Brahms "Hungarian Dances." They were originally composed as pianoforte duets by Brahms, but arranged, with the author's consent, for piano and violin by Herr Joachim. Herr Pachmann will be the pianist on January 8, and Mdlle. Sophie Menter on Saturday, January 13.

The fourth and last of Mr. E. Dannreuther's concerts took place on Thursday, December 21. Eight *Novelletten* by Kirchner, for piano, violin, and violoncello, were played by Herr Ludwig, M. B. Albert, and Mr. Dannreuther. The various numbers are short, graceful, and pleasing; from first to last we trace the hand of the accomplished musician. It is well known how strongly either Mendelssohn or Schumann has influenced the composers of the present day such as Bargiel, Gernsheim, Reinecke, Gade, and many others of less note. Kirchner forms, indeed, no exception to this general rule; his music has the name of Schumann written in large letters over its pages. No charge of plagiarism can be brought against the composer; but there is often a lack of originality or individuality of style—in fact, no sign-manual. Nos. 5 and 6, in D and D minor, two very short numbers, pleased us best. Mr. Dannreuther played Beethoven's sonata in C minor (op. 111). His reading of the first movement was not altogether satisfactory; but in the difficult variations his fine *technique* was displayed to great advantage. The programme contained three interesting songs by Mr. C. H. H. Parry and one by Mr. C. V. Stanford. Brahms' pianoforte quintett concluded the concert. We have not been able to notice the three previous evenings. The programmes were all well chosen; of novelties announced and performed we may mention a pianoforte trio in E minor by Goldmark, six vocal duets by Tschaiakowsky, and the Kirchner pieces noticed above. The next series, consisting of four evenings, will commence on February 8.

We may also add a few words about the autumn series of "Musical Evenings" under the directorship of Mr. Henry Holmes, which has just been brought to a close. The last concert was given at the Royal Academy of Music on Wednesday, December 20. The programmes, selected principally from the standard works of the great masters, are of uniform excellence; while the performances are such as naturally result from careful and continuous rehearsal. Mdlle. Haas has been sole pianist at all the concerts, and deserves great praise for the ability and intelligence which she displayed in the concerted music. Her rendering of the Bach concerto in D minor at the first concert (November 1) was very successful; and

in the quintetts of Raff and Algernon Ashton on other evenings her playing made a most favourable impression. Mr. Holmes' associates throughout the series have been Messrs. Parker, Gibson, Hill, Howell, and Ould.
J. S. SHEDLOCK.

BOOKS ON MUSIC.

The Life and Letters of Berlioz. Translated from the French by H. Mainwaring Dunstan. (Remington.) Berlioz was not only a great musician, but a literary writer of considerable merit and originality; and his letters, like his fascinating *Mémoires*, give us a wonderful insight into the man's character. He was vain, and of an excitable nature, but withal a keen-visioned and honest man. In these two volumes we learn much of the musical history of the last fifty years from one who played no unimportant part therein. We have always to take into consideration the ebb and flow of opposing feelings which were constantly agitating the heart of Berlioz. The first volume contains a short biographical notice of the composer, and 146 letters. The translation of this notice is very free and not always correct. Whole sentences, portions of sentences, and even single words have been omitted from the French without any particular reason, and without any indication of the fact. Gluck's "Orfeo" is spoken of, whereas, in the French, "Orphée" is mentioned. The first name refers to the opera written at Vienna in 1762; the second, to the opera adapted from "Orfeo," and produced at the Paris Académie in 1774. The list of names and style of the letters show that Berlioz was on very friendly terms with the greatest musicians of his time; thus we find him writing to Glinka, Schumann, Hiller, Bulow, Liszt, and even Wagner. In a letter to the last-named he says: "If we live a hundred years longer I imagine we shall know many things and many men. Old Demiourgos must laugh from behind his gray beard at the farce he makes us play." The second volume contains the private letters to his friend M. Humbert Ferrand, with an interesting Preface by Charles Gounod.

Wagnerism: a Protest. By Major H. W. L. Hime. (Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.) "Every time an author touches upon the subject of music," says Major Hime, "he runs a considerable risk of losing his head." The Major, we fear, forms no exception to his own rule. He informs us that, having had Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert, he is thankful and satisfied. Then, again, he astonishes us with the piece of information that Wagner owes his success to a "clique of critics;" we had always thought that Wagner had made his way in spite of the critics. He does not hesitate to declare that Wagner has announced himself as "The Musician of the Future," although this is utterly untrue. He says that Wagner has been at no pains to express or imply censure of the conduct of Siegmund and Siegtrude. Surely he cannot have read the scene between Fricka and Wotan. Again, Major Hime has a most unfortunate habit of misquoting. He is very hard on Mr. Hueffer, but he need not misrepresent his words as he has done on p. 35. Mr. Prout is also quoted, and we are led to believe that he considers Wagner's music "uproar." Mr. Prout, however, in his writings, entertains no such opinion of Wagner's orchestration. "The real point of attack by Herr Wagner and his friends is Mozart," says Major Hime. Space will not permit us to quote several sentences of Wagner in praise of the author of "Don Giovanni." He has criticised certain passages in his writings, but he has acknowledged, in the clearest terms possible, Mozart's transcendent genius. Major Hime translates a passage from Berlioz, and makes nonsense of it. Lastly, what faith can we place in a writer who speaks

of the third epoch of Beethoven as that of a "poverty-stricken old man, broken in mind and body"?

Richard Wagner et son Œuvre poétique. Par Judith Gautier. (Paris: Charavay Frères.) The authoress of this interesting little book has for many years been an ardent admirer of Wagner and of his works. The French public before all seek amusement in art: the masterpieces of Calderon, Goethe, Schiller, and Shakspeare, are rarely given in France, and, when performed, excite but little enthusiasm. M^{me}. Gautier, therefore, sees but little hope for Wagner's great music-dramas there. The success of "Lohengrin" she thinks probable, but adds, "The great Scandinavian epic poem, the metaphysical loves of Tristan and Isolde, the mysticism of Parsifal, will never reach us." The account given of Wagner is very graphic; and the peep into the private life of the composer at Lucerne and at Baireuth, and the conversations between Wagner, his wife, and our authoress, will prove attractive to many readers. In Paris it was reported that Wagner had a seraglio filled with women from all parts of the world, and dressed in magnificent costumes; but M^{me}. Gautier found him living at Lucerne in a simple house near to the lake, spending his time on books, musical composition, his garden, and his great black dog, Rus. The description of Wahnfried (Wagner's house at Baireuth) in September 1881 is full of interesting and minute detail. M^{me}. Gautier carries hero-worship somewhat to excess, but she writes with lively talent and genuine enthusiasm.

Bohm on the Flute. (Rudall, Carte and Co.) This pamphlet was written in English in 1847 by Bohm, the celebrated flute-player. He died last year at the advanced age of eighty-six. After his death, certain public attacks were made upon his character, and the originality of his alterations and improvements in the construction of the flute denied. Mr. Carte, representative of the firm of Rudall and Rose, gave Bohm's MS. to W. S. Broadwood, by whom it is published. It shows conclusively that he had been unjustly attacked, by thoroughly explaining the facts relating to Bohm's connexion with Mr. Gordon, whose inventions the former was said to have appropriated. The book will also be read with interest by flute-players, professional or amateur, for it gives a clear and succinct summary of those principles of acoustics which are applicable to the construction of all wind instruments.

THE *Proceedings* of the Musical Association during the eighth session (1881-82) have just been published by Messrs. Stanley Lucas and Co. This society, founded in 1874 for the investigation and discussion of subjects connected with music, counts among its members some of our principal musicians and writers both on the art and science of music. The volume before us gives the papers read at each meeting, with the ensuing discussions. As we cannot here enter into any detail, we propose to give a list of the contents. The papers read from November 7, 1881, to July 3, 1882, were as follows:—"On the Arrangement of the Stops, Pedals, and Swell in the Organ," by R. H. M. Bosanquet; "On the Beats of Mistuned Harmonic Consonances," by R. H. M. Bosanquet; "The Cultivation of Church Music," by W. H. Monk; "Songs and Song-Writers," by E. J. Brakespeare; "On Some Italian and Spanish Treatises on Music of the Seventeenth Century," by Rev. Sir F. A. Gore-Ouseley; "Consecutive Fifths," by F. E. Gladstone; "Sir W. Sterndale Bennett," by A. O'Leary; "Some Remarks on 'Tristan und Isolde,'" by H. F. Frost; "From Rhythmic Pulsation to Classical Outline," by H. Hiles; and on "Extemporaneous Playing," by T. L. Southgate.
J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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